

THE
COQUET:
OR, THE
English Chevalier.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted

By His M A J E S T Y 's Servants.

Written by Mr. MOLLOY.

Nolo nimis facilem, difficilemve nimis. Martial.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL at the *Dial* and *Bible*, and
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Printed by M. MOLLAY.

At the Theatre-François, in the City of Paris.

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. C. at the Sign of the Lion, in the Strand, near the Theatre-François, in the City of Paris.

(Printed in 1753.)

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Ryan.

WHEN ev'ry Man may judge, and each Man brings
A diff'rent Taste by which he censures Things,
Well may the tim'rous Poet doubt his Cause,
And well despair to meet a full Applause.
Could you, like other Juries, once agree,
And by One Circumstance condemn or free,
He then might hope some Respite of your Rage,
Till he's again arraign'd upon the Stage.
But you, like sickly People, damn the Meat
Which, wanting Appetites, you cannot eat ;
One's All for Humour ; One for Sense and Plot ;
And Many of you like ---- you know not what :
Two Things, indeed, we know, all Palates hit,
A Stock of Satyr, and good bawdy Wit.
Satyr, you'll find, is scatter'd here and there,
So carve it out, and Each e'n take his Share ;
That is, e'en take it, as we know you'll do,
Presume it aims at any Thing but You !
For i'other Perquisite, our Poet's young,
And yet a little sparing of his Tongue ;
This forward Age will teach him soon, no doubt,
To grow more blunt, and speak his Meaning out.
Of one Thing he has took peculiar Care,
That his Coquet should not offend the Fair ;
For tho' she be the Mark of Ridicule,
You can't be angry at a foreign Fool ;
Unless you would,
To shew your selves the Civilest of Nations,
Adopt French Follies as you do French Fashions.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Bellamy, the English Che-</i>	}	<i>Mr. Ryan.</i>
<i>valier.</i>		
<i>Monfieur Caprice.</i>		<i>Mr. Griffin.</i>
<i>Valere.</i>		<i>Mr. Leigh.</i>
<i>Leander.</i>		<i>Mr. Diggs.</i>
<i>Le Bronze.</i>		<i>Mr. C. Bullock.</i>
<i>Ranger, Servant to Bellamy.</i>		<i>Mr. Spiller.</i>
<i>Le Grange, Servant to</i>	}	<i>Mr. Eggleton.</i>
<i>Valere.</i>		
<i>Jesmin, Servant to Le-</i>	}	<i>Mr. H. Bullock.</i>
<i>ander.</i>		

W O M E N.

<i>Julia, Daughter to Mon-</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Thurmond.</i>
<i>fieur Caprice.</i>		
<i>Madamoiselle Fantast, the</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Spiller.</i>
<i>Coquet.</i>		
<i>Flavia, Niece to Mon-</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Robertson.</i>
<i>fieur Caprice.</i>		
<i>Madam Filette, a Match</i>	}	<i>Mr. Pack.</i>
<i>maker.</i>		
<i>La Fupe, Servant in</i>	}	<i>Mrs. Giffard.</i>
<i>Monfieur Caprice's Fa-</i>		
<i>mily.</i>		

S C E N E P A R I S.



THE
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ACT I.
SCENE, A PRISON.

BELLAMY *Solus.*

IF I don't mistake, some old Philosopher once denied there was any such thing as Confinement, that Thought being unlimited, there was no laying Fetters on the Mind; so that every Man is free that does but think so. But begging that speculative Gentleman's Pardon, for siding with common Sense; I do maintain, that every Man that's married, or in Jail, is a Prisoner *pro Tempore*, let him think what he will.

.B

Enter /

Enter Ranger.

Ran. 'Tis he, 'tis he! I know him now: I shall jump over the Moon for Joy! Master, my dear Master, have I found you!

Bel. How, *Ranger*! my honest, faithful, impudent Valet and Footman: How did you find me out?

Ran. 'Tis the same *Ranger*, once the Darling of your Heart, and Confidant of all your Pleasures, whom you so unkindly forsook; nay, went away without so much as taking leave of—— But, Sir, how long have you had the Honour to be thus Royally lodg'd? For if I don't mistake, this House belongs to the King.

Bel. What, Sirrah, are you making yourself merry with my Misfortunes?

Ran. This one comes to by being a Man of Honour: Here has been a Duel, I suppose, upon some very Gentlemanlike Quarrel, without doubt.—— Either about Religion or a Whore. [*Aside.*]

Bel. An insolent young Fellow, that had lost his Money at Play, was put into a Passion; so, mistaking his Anger for Courage, insulted me.

Ran. At play! What, Sir, have you the noble Game of Hazard, and the Tatts and Doctors, and all those fine things in this Country?

Bel. They game in all Countries where there are Gentlemen.

Ran. Then I know what will be our Fate; we shall drink Burgundy one Day and Small Beer the next; give a fine Ball to the Ladies at Night, and next Morning borrow Money to pay the Fidlers.

Bel. But say, how long is it since you left *London*, and how did you find me out here in *Paris*?

Ran. Just now, sauntering along the Street, picking my Teeth, because I had no other use for 'em, I saw the Back of a slender tall Gentleman, with a Grey-

Greyhound Shape, and negligent Air, surrounded by a Crowd of People and Officers; I joyn'd myself to the rest of the Mob, to see who this Person might be that was so gallantly attended: I thought his Dress look'd a little *a l'Anglois*, so I beg'd the Jayler to admit me, pretending Bus'ness; and now I am come in, to my great Surprize and Joy, I find it is your Worship.

Bel. But tell me some News from Home: What did my Friends say of my sudden Departure on the very Night I should have been married?

Ran. As 'tis common in such Cases; some said one thing, some another; and some nodded their foolish Heads and said nothing at all: But all your Young Acquaintance thought it very odd that you should run away from a Young Woman before you had enjoy'd her.

Bel. My Father was covetous, he stinted me in my Pleasures; and I had no other way of making him part with a little Money, but by seeming to comply with that Match.

Ran. So, Sir, you ran away with the Money; and, as the saying is, let the Devil run away with the Wife. Now Master, I lik'd her, I thought her handsome.

Bel. That may be, but I had no mind to sacrifice my self to Matrimony in the very Spring of my Youth; I have a desire of being better acquainted with the Sex first. I have been studying Women from the 17th to the 24th Year of my Age; and all that I know, is, as the Philosopher said, that I know nothing at all of 'em, they are still incomprehensible.

Ran. To my knowledge you were a very diligent Student that way; you perus'd many of all Ranks and Sizes; from the noble Folio that's two yards and a half in the waste, to the little neat Octavo that you may span with your Fingers.

Bel. But you don't tell me what past at our House the Night I came away.

Ran. The Guests came at Six o'Clock, the Bride look'd as bright as the Sun; and a fine Supper was prepar'd. Then every Coach that stop'd at the Door we expected you.

Bel. What did they say when they found I did not come?

Ran. The Clock struck 7, 8, 9, 10. and no Bridegroom.

Bel. Very well, what then?

Ran. Then? Why then, Sir, the Bride took the Vapours, the Parson complain'd he was hungry, and the Cook swore the Supper would be spoilt.

Bel. What did my Father all this while?

Ran. A most desperate Action for a Man of his Age.

Bel. Say, what was it?

Ran. Why married the Young Woman himself.

Bel. Ha, ha, that's very good i'faith. What immediately that Night?

Ran. Immediately, without Delay, they did not stay a Minute; for, as I told you, Supper was almost spoil'd.

Bel. How went Matters then?

Ran. The Guests seem'd well pleas'd, the Parson fill'd his Belly, and the Young Couple went to Bed.

Bel. Prithee what follow'd that?

Ran. Follow'd that! O lord, Sir, nothing could follow that; for consider, your Father was above Sixty; therefore 'tis plain nothing could follow that; but next Morning, when a Man would reasonably expect his Anger should be a little cool'd, he was as crabbed as if he had lain upon Thorns all Night. The first thing he did was to call out *Ranger*; Sir, says I; *You're a Son of a Whore*, says he; so kicks

me

me out of Doors, and bids me follow the Rogue my Master.

Bel. This is an exact Journal of what has happen'd in my Absence?

Ran. A faithful Account; I writ every thing down as it happen'd, as *Cesar* did by his Commentaries. But now, dear Master, give me leave to ask a Question or two in my Turn: You know we're in a strange Country; pray how may the Crop stand at present?

Bel. If that Word of Art signifies Money, I must tell you poor enough. I carried my whole Stock about me, according to Custom; and the Rogues here of this Jayl, under pretence of searching me for Arms, pickt my Pockets.

Ran. And what, Sir, han't you a Rag left?

Bel. Not a Stiver, upon my Word.

Ran. Sir, if you've any Service to *London*, I shall be proud to bear your Commands; I must take my leave of you.

Bel. No, Sirrah, you must stay, I won't part with you now; I shall have Occasion for you.

Ran. Occasion! Why, Sir, I hope you don't intend to eat me. Do you think, Sir, I have Courage enough to look Famine in the Face with these Chops? No, Sir, I'll go while my Legs have Strength to carry me; before the Pudding's out of my Cheeks.

Bel. You may be useful to me. You're a clever Fellow, and have a great deal of Impudence.

Ran. Sir, you are pleas'd to Complement. But in the mean time, Master, what must we do for a little Money?

Bel. I met here in *Paris*, a Gentleman of this Country, whom I knew in *England*; I have contracted a great Intimacy with him: He's generous and good natur'd; has all the Frankness and Sincerity

rity of our Country, with the Civility and good Manners of his own.

Ran. I suppose we strike him. [*Aside.*]

Bel. I intend to borrow a Sum of him ; and in the mean time write to my Relations in *England* ; desire 'em to beg my Father's and the Young Lady's Pardon in my Name ; that I am willing to return and make her amends. So she being dispos'd of, the Quarrel ends of Course, and I shall have Supplies.

Ran. I believe this will do. [*Aside.*] Now I think on't, I don't care to go to *England* yet ; I've a mind to see this same *France* first.

Enter Turnkey.

Turn. Sir, A Woman in a Veil desires to be admitted to speak with you.

Bel. Sir, she may be admitted, that is with your leave ; for I think you are one of the Officers that command in this Garrison.

Turn. She shall. [*Exit.*]

Bel. Who can this be ?

Ran. I believe these two may find something to say to one another, they'll hardly want me to keep up Conversation between 'em, so I'll e'en give 'em fair Play. — Sir, if you please, I'll go to — Ay, I'll go and see what o'Clock it is, and stay about half an Hour.

Bel. Your Discretion is very unnecessary now ; but I'm glad you ha'n't lost it however, it may be useful upon some other Occasion.

Enter La Jupe, veil'd.

La J. Sir, I believe you think it something strange, to be visited by a Woman in such a Place as this.

Bel. Not at all ; for why should I wonder at good Nature in a Woman, whose whole Composition is Softness and Compassion. Then don't you stand an Exception to the good Nature of the Sex, but
throw

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throw aside this Veil that hides your Face, and cheer me with a Smile.

La J. I beg, Sir, you would not be too profuse of your fine Figures and Metaphors upon me ; say nothing of the Brightness of one who, I can assure you, will be in the Dark to you. The shewing my Face is not in my Instructions ; but this Letter will give you some insight into my Business.

Bel. Reads.] I saw with what Bravery you behav'd your self when you were basely assaulted ; and must confess, that when you were led Prisoner away, my Heart was deeply touch'd with your Condition. I felt such Emotions as I was never affected with, but at the Misfortune of a Friend. I send you a hundred Pistoles, which I desire you'll make use of. I understand you are a Stranger in this Country, and remote from your Friends, therefore may possibly want Money.

Very well ; but here's no Name. I can't tell whether it comes from Man or Woman.

Ran. No matter for that, 'tis excellent good Sense, and the most glorious Stile that ever was read, that's certain.

Bel. Whimsical enough, without either Name or Superscription. There's something in this so very negligent, that if it were not well spelt, I should conclude it came from a Person of Quality. But let me survey her Ladyship a little. Pray, Madam, will you give me leave to make the Tour of your Person ; that I may, by some Sign or Token, discover whether I ever knew any part of you before, or no.

[Walks round her.]

La J. Give me fair Play, while you are drawing your Circle ; pray speak no hard Words, no *Latin* ; for I bar conjuring.

Ran. She treads very well upon her Pasterms, is a very handsome forehanded one, and full chested.

La J. What, do you take me for a Horse?

Bel. She's too gentle, and not half fine enough in her Dress to be a Citizen's Wife: Then positively she must be either a Lady's Woman, or a Person of Quality in Disguise. But pray, Child, tell me, did you write this Letter yourself, or do you bring it from another?

La J. Pray guess, Sir.

Bel. You wrote it yourself.

La J. No; guess again.

Bel. Then it comes from another.

La J. A Witch! I vow, Sir, you'd make an excellent Fortune-Teller.

Bel. Pett enough! But pray, Child, from whom do you bring it?

La J. I won't tell you.

Bel. You're very short in your Answers — For what Reason?

La J. For no Reason. — I hope a Woman may be allow'd to do some things she can give no Reason for.

Bel. 'Tis very true. Madam, I ask your Pardon.

La J. But to discharge my Errand, here's the Purse, and in it the Pistoles.

Ran. Let me have a Peep, Child. — Are they Pistoles or Guineas?

Bel. You must excuse me; I can't receive 'em.

Ran. Hang Curiosity, Sir, take the Purse. What signifies who sent 'em.

La J. Pray why?

Bel. I'm a Gentleman, and can't accept of Favours, unless I know where I am to make a Return.

Ran. O murder! What, won't you take 'em? How the Devil should we thrive, when we've no more Grace than to refuse ready Money?

La J.

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La F. These Niceties of Honour may well be spar'd ; for did you know from whence this Present comes, you'd think it no Disgrace to be oblig'd.

Bel. That may be ; but as yet I am not fallen low enough to receive Favours from a Stranger. — Were it a Friend, whose Fortune I had a right to share. —

Ran. Why, Sir, you don't think 'tis an Enemy that would send you a Purse of Gold. I'm sure 'tis a Friend, and a very good Friend too.

Bel. Not a Word more, I say ; be mute, Rascal, for I won't receive it.

Ran. Well, Sir, I've done, I've done ; I won't speak a Word more ; but I suppose I shall hang myself ; that's all.

La F. Well, Sir, I take my leave, and shall tell your generous Friend that you refus'd with Haughtiness his Favours. I say with Haughtiness, which will be understood to proceed rather from Pride, than any Sense of Honour.

Bel. I shall play the Fool here ; there may be some pleasant Adventure tack'd to this, for ought I know. What Design can any Person have upon me now ? I'm sure I'm too poor to be trick'd ; but yet my Spirit won't suffer me to take Money in this manner.

Ran. But, Sir, though a Gentleman can't receive Presents, I am sure it is not below a Gentleman to borrow. [*Aside to him.*]

Bel. Right, a very good Hint. — [*to her.*] I say, that absolutely I can't receive it as a Gift, but as a Sum borrow'd I don't much care if I do.

Ran. Ay, ay, as a Sum borrow'd ; that's the only way. — He's the most honourable Paymaster in the World : I'll be bound for him. — I was almost dead ; now I begin to recover. [*Aside.*]

La F.

La J. Let it be so, Sir, if you please.

Bel. I'll go into the next Room, draw a Receipt for the Sum lent, and leave a Blank for the Name of the Creditor.

La J. That will do, Sir.

Bel. Harkee, *Ranger*, do you fall into Conversation with her, and try to discover who she is, and from whence she comes. I'll stay some time on purpose to give you an Opportunity of discoursing her. [Exit.]

Ran. Very well, Sir, give me but Time and Opportunity, and I warrant I do it.

La J. This Fellow's Dress declares him to be a *Valet de Chambre*; for his Coat, Wastecoat and Breeches are of three Colours. — Now will I talk with him, and endeavour to sift out the Name, Quality, and all other Circumstances of Monsieur his Master. [Aside.]

Ran. Now for it; I must go flyly to Work, for she seems to be a cunning Jade. [Aside.] Well, my dear little Honey-suckle, han't you another Purse from some unknown Hand for me?

La J. For you, Impudence! Prithee who are you, and from whence do you come?

Ran. What, don't you know me?

La J. No, not I.

Ran. I'm very glad on't; I shall be the greater Favourite for that; for a Woman always likes her last Acquaintance best.

La J. Hold, let me examine you a little.

Ran. Aye, with all my Heart. — How d'ye like me?

La J. An audacious, broad Face, with one Eye, and a clumsy Body, supported by two thick Legs. Yes, now I think on't, I have seen you before.

Ran. Aye? Prithee where?

La J.

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La J. In a Pack of Cards : You are the Knave of Clubs.

Ran. Ha, ha, very merry, faith : What, I look like the Bully of the Pack : When I carried my Pike, I don't know but I might look a little like your Comparifon.

La J. Did you carry a Pike ? Pray, has that Gentleman ever been in the Army ?

Ran. Yes, Madam : Laft War He and I commanded together in *Flanders* : He was Colonel, and I was Corporal.

La J. And does he hold a Commiffion ftill ?

Ran. No, no, we are none of your Pacifick Officers, that buy Commiffions in time of Peace, and owe all our Reputation of Courage to the Terrors of a great Hat, and a Cockade.

La J. And pray how does he fpend his time now ?

Ran. T'other Gentleman, my Friend, has nothing to do but to fpend his Money. And as for me, now there's no Honour to be won in the Field ; and having nothing to do, I, I — that is to fay, I —

La J. Come, I'll help you out, for I know what you're going to fay, that now there is no Honour to be won in the Field, you divert yourfelf now and then with cleaning that Gentleman's Shoes. Is it not fo ?

Ran. Faith, fo it is ; you've hit it : Juft as you amufe yourfelf with ftarching your Lady's Linnen.

La J. Exactly.

Ran. Then we underftand one another.

La J. And fince we do underftand one another, pray when I ask you Queftions concerning him, don't answer in your own Name. What Country Man is he ?

Ran. We are *Engliſh* Gentlemen.

La J. Again ? I tell you you are no Gentleman, nor han't been for this Minute paſt. You forget yourfelf.

Ran.

Ran. Faith, I do so : I ask Pardon.

La J. What, is he of *London* ?

Ran. Sometimes ; that is to say, when he had Money ; but after an ill run at Dice or so, he generally died for a Month.

La J. What's that ?

Ran. That is, went into the Country, or lay with some Friend at his Chambers in the *Temple*.

La J. What do you mean by the *Temple* ? He did not use to take up his Lodgings in a Church sure ?

Ran. Church ? No, Child, we never troubled our Heads about the Church ; we were better Subjects than to disturb ourselves about Religion. — You must know the *Temple* is a certain College in our City of *London* ; a Place of great Learning ; whither a Dunce of almost every good Family is sent to study Tricks, Quirks and Conundrums.

La J. But pray is he a Man of Fortune, or a younger Brother ?

Ran. Neither.

La J. What, no Estate ?

Ran. He has a Right to a very good Estate ; but is barbarously kept out on't.

La J. By whom ?

Ran. By his Father.

La J. Because the Father has the best Title, I suppose.

Ran. Faith, so he pretends : But, you know, all People do as much who possess what's none of their own.

La J. But pray how does this Gentleman lead his Life now ?

Ran. With a fine Negligence of this World. As much like a Philosopher as any Man alive. I'll give you a Sketch of our past Life in little. — When we first came from the University, we were enter'd

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of the *Temple*, bought some Cart-loads of Books, and began our Studies.

La J. Very well.

Ran. We took a damn'd deal of Pains in the Pursuit of the Law; for we began immediately to shine in the Eyes of the Ladies, make a great Figure, and run in Debt.

La J. That was pursuing it very close. I suppose you catch'd it?

Ran. No; but it sometimes catch'd us; and that's the same thing, you know.

La J. Very little difference.

Ran. Right. — But I say we wore fine Cloaths, and now and then, to shew our Wit, made Songs, — and got Claps.

La J. That was to shew your Wit too.

Ran. Sometimes we kept good Hours; then would I indulge him with a small Girl.

La J. Then I find you were a downright Pimp.

Ran. At your Service, Madam.

La J. You are very obliging.

Ran. In short, Commissions were bought; we were sent to *Flanders*, made three Campaigns, fought several Duels, and lay with about a dozen Burgher's Wives.

La J. Fine.

Ran. Then we return'd to *England*, were broke, made a Figure, and run in Debt again, and so now are come to-travel.

Enter Bellamy.

Bel. Here's a Receipt, Child, which I shall discharge upon Demand. I expect very soon to be releas'd from this Confinement; and then I may be heard of every Day at *Gregory's Coffee-House*.

La J. Sir, your Servant.

Bel. Stay, Child, here's a little Memorandum for you.

Ran.

Ran. No, Sir, she won't take it, indeed she won't. Consider, she's a Gentlewoman, pray don't affront her—Pshaw, Nonsense. [*pulling him back.*

La J. Indeed Sir I dare not take it. Pardon me, upon my Word, Sir,—But if you should affront me, and put any thing into the Plaits of my Gown, 'twill be plain *Engliſh*, and I ſhall forgive ye.—O Sir, your moſt obſequious. [*Exit.*

Ran. I'll do myſelf the Honour of handing the Lady over the Kennel.

Bel. Well, what do you think of her? Have you made any Diſcovery?

Ran. Yes, Sir, I have diſcover'd that ſhe's a very cunning Jade.

Bel. What did ſhe ſay?

Ran. She answer'd one Queſtion with asking another.

Bel. She muſt have told you ſomething. I'm ſure ſhe talk'd a great deal.

Ran. That's the Reaſon ſhe ſaid nothing. She prevaricated like a falſe Evidence with a bad Memory.

Bel. So you've diſcover'd nothing at all, I'm as much in the Dark as ever. But I gueſs how it was. She was a cunning Jade, and found you to be a Dunce, ſo amus'd you with ſome Story to take you off from asking her Queſtions; and you, like a ſenſeleſs Gudgeon, gap'd and ſwallow'd the Bait.

Ran. I gape and ſwallow! Upon my Word, Sir, I ſwallow'd nothing.

Enter Valere.

Val. My dear Friend had ſeen me ſooner, if his Affairs had not occaſion'd my Abſence. I've been ſoliciting your Freedom. I've told the Judges, that you being a Stranger, were ignorant of our Laws againſt Duelling; ſo that I expect a Diſcharge for you immediately.

Bel.

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Bel. What then is the rash Young Man out of Danger?

Val. Yes, his Wound was but slight; you corrected his Forwardness like a Gentleman, and all that have heard the Story commend your Conduct.

Bel. Prithee since all Danger's over, let's talk of Business.

Val. With all my Heart. But first, my Friend, let me supply you with a Sum of Money.

Bel. 'Tis generous not to put me upon asking; but know that some other Hand has prevented the Friendship you offer. I am supplied.

Val. Prithee how, and from whence?

Bel. I would tell you from whence, only that I don't know myself. But before you ask any more Questions, tell me something of that dear bewitching little Creature I took Notice of at the Comedy.

Val. What would you know of her?

Bel. A thousand things. But tell me first who that Grave Gentleman was, that took care of her when the Comedy was over?

Val. Her Father.

Bel. I took him for her Husband.

Val. Why so!

Bel. Because he sat by her so long and took no notice of her.

Val. A very good Reason.

Bel. I think I never took Fire so soon. I am downright bewitch'd, You know I left you and follow'd them 'till I saw 'em lodg'd. But I don't know what the Devil was the Matter with my Legs, but for two or three Days after, they did nothing but carry me to and fro before that Door.

Val. Then I guess how it is with my Friend; you're in Love, and I wish you Joy.

Bel.

Bel. Sir your most humble Servant, you are extremely Complaisant; rather than not say a civil Thing, you'd complement a Mad-man upon the loss of his Senses. But prithee don't teaze me with Digressions, but tell me how I may come at her.

Val. Nothing more easy; make your Address: A Man of your Figure and Fortune can't want Prerogatives. ——— I suppose you intend to marry her?

Bel. No, Sir, But I thank you as much as if I did.

Val. Then I can tell you there's no way of coming at her but by her Father.

Bel. That is not my way; besides, I question whether it be fair.

Val. What, has not a Father a right to dispose of his Child?

Bel. That's doubtful. For why should he dispose of what perhaps is none of his own.

Val. A pretty evasive way of reasoning. You may rail at Marriage; but whatever Airs we young Fellows give ourselves, it is what we all come to at last.

Bel. So we know is Death; but yet we're for putting it off as long as we can.

Val. But Death is a leap in the Dark.

Bel. And pray is not Matrimony a leap in the Dark too?

Val. But the Uncertainty of what we shall be after Life, makes Death apprehensive.

Bel. And the Uncertainty of what we shall be, ought to make Marriage so too.

Val. Then you declare yourself an Enemy to Marriage?

Bel. I declare myself a Friend to Pleasure; and if there be a Pleasure in Life, 'tis Liberty. But we may drop this Subject, for you'll make no Converts here. ——— Prithee contrive for me; how must I come at my little Charmer?

Val.

Val. I've a Thought come into my Head: I believe I could put you in a Way if I would.

Bel. Then I am sure you will.

Val. How do you know that?

Bel. Because you never would have own'd you could, if you design'd to deny me.

Val. There may be something in what you say.— But who's this?

Enter Madam Fillette.

What brings this Creature here?

Fil. Gentlemen your Servant. Mr. *Valere* your most obsequious.

Bel. What? an Acquaintance of yours?

Val. Yes, and will be of yours and all Mankind's—— She is, Sir, at your Service, a Match-maker, and has married the whole City of *Paris*, and all the Country round it, for about two Generations. She sells Fortunes. [*Aside.*] Madam *Fillette*, what brings your Ladyship here?

Fil. My Charity, Sir, you know I'm ever doing all the good Offices I can. A pretty Figure of a Man. [*Aside.*] Pray, who is that Gentleman, is he married?

Val. No; can you help him to a Wife?

Fil. Can I? What have I done that you should ask such a Question? Pray bring us acquainted.

Val. I will—— Pray, Sir, know Madam *Fillette*; a Lady of an unlimited Acquaintance, and the most solicitous to serve her Friends; she was born to do good to Mankind.

Bel. What a sweet Kiss shall I be blest with? [*Aside.* Madam, your most humble Servant.

Fil. Sir, your very obedient. Mr. *Valere* is pleas'd to compliment; but I vow and swear, Sir, when I do see a handsome Young Fellow in some Distress for a Widow; or a Young Girl languish for Love,

C

I can't

I can't help doing all that lies in my Power towards relieving their several Wants.

Bel. 'Tis an infinite Charity to relieve the Passions of the Mind. I'm sure you must be good natur'd.

Val. But how goes Trade now, Madam?

Fil. Trade; Oh fy, Mr. *Valere*, what a Term have you nam'd! You'll make the Gentleman think I keep a Cook's Shop.

Val. Excuse the Coarseness of my Terms; I mean, does the World marry apace.

Fil. To deal sincerely with you, no; the Business is come to nothing. Time was, when, like the Lawyer, I've had a feeling on both sides; but the Morals of the Age are so corrupted, that even some of my own Sex begin to cry down Matrimony as all Stuff: And then the Young Things of both Sexes are grown so forward, they come together without any Body's Assistance but their own.

Val. But do you never deal in Adultery, Madam *Fillette*?

Fil. Oh fy! again, Mr. *Valere*? What disingenuous Questions do you ask! No, never would I do any thing that might in the least reflect upon my Reputation. I labour for the Establishment of Families. If Young People will sometimes have the Devil in 'em, and precipitate Matters, it is not my Fault. My Designs are always honourable, I'll assure you.

Val. But what induc'd your charitable Ladyship to visit this Place of Horror?

Fil. To see a Friend that's under a little Cloud. 'Tis the most comical Prosecution, ha, ha, it makes me laugh every time I think on't. He's indicted for marrying seventeen Wives.

Bel. Let him live for ever, for a true Lover of the Sex.

Val.

Val. What, it is Monsieur le Bronze, I suppose.

Fil. The same.

Val. I know him, an impudent Fellow that has taken it up for a livelyhood; marrying is his Trade. — He changes his Name and Title as often as a Player, and marries as often; which is once in every new Comedy.

Fil. He's a Man of Address every inch of him, if you call that Impudence. But pray Mr. Valere, don't be smart upon him behind his back; he's my Friend, and a very honest Gentleman.

Val. Madam, I ask Pardon. As you say, a Man that marries so much must be your Friend.

Fil. [to *Bel.*] Sir, the Gentleman we're talking of is a Man of Honour, but has been something unsuccessful in his Matches. Some Women are no better than they should be: So that he has sworn never to leave off marrying till he meets with a good Wife. But, Mr. Valere, a serious Word with you; if your Friend be resolv'd upon a Wife, tell me so, that I may look about for him.

Val. I tell you he is. But first let us know what Fortunes you have to dispose of.

Fil. That I will in a Minute; but you must give me leave to look over my Catalogue, for 'tis impossible for me to remember the Names of all my Acquaintance: Here they are rang'd in Alphabet. A shining Troop; Maids, and Widows.

Val. A large Muster-Roll, Madam Fillette.

Fil. O, Sir, this is nothing at all. I've a dozen Papers like this full of Names; here are only the two first Letters, *A* and *B*. — Let me see, Mademoiselle Belleair. Aye, she would do; but there's no meddling with her, she'll cost too dear.

Val. How too dear? Why you are not forc'd to buy her sure.

Fil. Excuse me, Sir, where my own Interest is not very good, I'm very often forc'd to buy 'em.

Val. Of whom?

Fil. Of their Chambermaids, Guardians or Relations. ——— But let me see, there's Madam *Benneton* and her fine Daughter: Aye, I need look no farther, one of these will do. Which would you chuse, Sir, the Mother or Daughter?

Bel. If I must chuse blindfold, the Daughter: Because I take her to be the youngest.

Fil. Aye, she is the youngest, and as sweet as a Nut. A perfect Tulip, a Rose, a Marygold. ——— What would I give to be hid behind the Bed's Head the first Night. Well, she is a perfect Phoenix, but for one little Fault.

Val. What's that?

Fil. She's something too modest for a Woman.

Val. Modesty may be born in a Wife; and besides, she may learn to correct that Fault by your good Conversation.

Fil. Well, if the Gentleman will but pursue the Chase, like a true Sportsman, I can do his Business with all the Ease in the World: For I am trusted with the whole Secrets of the Family.

Val. But will you be generous, and betray all the Secrets to us?

Fil. Upon my Honour I will.

Val. Bravely declar'd.

Fil. But, Gentlemen, I'll be plain with you; if I undertake this Matter, I must have something in hand.

Val. What, be paid before you do your Work?

Fil. Positively something in Hand towards Expences. Not that I suspect the Honour of your Friend. But I've been strangely abus'd by several great Persons, I've brought together. When the

Work

Work has been over, and I've gone to make the happy Couple a civil Visit; instead of meeting with a joyful Welcome, and a substantial Present; I've found them both very fairly dispos'd to hang themselves.

Val. Upon my Word, Madam that may be; therefore you do well to be cautious.

Fil. Well, Gentlemen, I'll give you time to consider on't. Mr. *Valere*, I know where to see you. — I am oblig'd to be gone, for Business must be minded. I'm going to meet a Youth of Seventeen that's newly fallen in Love with a *Grizette*, a sweet good natur'd Creature; but because the poor Thing has no Money at command, it gives me its gold Watch. Gentlemen your most obsequious.

[*Exit.*

Bel. Prithee how does this Creature insinuate herself into the Acquaintance of good Families?

Val. Under Pretence of selling some Foreign Toys, which Ladies are fond of, because they're forbid. And the Fellow she speaks of under that merry Prosecution, is her Beau *Garçon*, she keeps him, they live together.

Bel. So they use their honest Industry for a Livelyhood different Ways; she Bauds, and he Marries.

Val. He is a great Example of the Inconstancy of Fortune; in one Place he is call'd my Lord, and your Lordship, and in another kick't out of Company; to day you see him in a Coach and Six, and perhaps, to morrow in the Pillory.

Enter Turnkey.

Turn. Sir, we've just receiv'd Orders to discharge you; so you are at Liberty to go when you please.

Bel. Sir, you are a very civil Person, and in Compliance with that Order, I shall be pleas'd to go this Minute.

Turn. Sir, I hope you'll remember the Turnkey, something to drink your Health.

Bel. It is possible I may remember you as long as I live; for if I don't mistake, the first Compliment you made me upon my Entrance here, was to pick my Pocket.

Turn. Oh, Sir, that's the Custom of all Jayls; every Body is forc'd to pay Entrance.

Bel. Nay, if that be the Case, I submit; for certainly there's no objecting against so laudable a Custom. Here, get drunk and sleep in quiet, forget you are a Villain, and you may be happy.

*Thus Villains thrive, when Instruments of Law,
And Knaves in Office, keep the Just in Awe.*

Exeunt.





ACT II.

Enter Bellamy and Valere.

Bel. ALL Stratagems in Love are fair, that's certain ; as well sung our Master *Ovid* : *Cupid delights in little Frauds*. Now I'm furnish'd with my Instructions I'll go. But as you are an Acquaintance in the Family, if you introduc'd me as a Visiter, I might do my Bus'ness as well.

Val. That can't be done ; I dare not go near the House.

Bel. Why so ?

Val. There are dangerous Eyes there ; at least, they are so to me. Know that I'm in love in that Family.

Bel. Sir, I wish you Joy. — But I hope it is not with my Mistress.

Val. No, it is with a Cousin of hers. I was carried to see her first by a Gentleman who is upon a Treaty of Marriage with her ; and tho' I saw she was lost to me, yet Love, that sports in Extravagances, made me see more Wonders in her charming Person, than in all the Sex before.

Bel. But what is this Gentleman ?

Val. My Rival.

Bel. Nay, that I know already, by what you've told me.

Val. Then you know every thing that's hateful, base, and disagreeable. You don't expect I should say a kind thing of him after that.

Bel. Sir, I ask Pardon for my Dullness ; you are certainly in the right : A Rival must be an odious ugly Fellow ; and, without doubt, a very great Fool. But what Charm did the Lady see in him ? Is he handsome !

Val. That I'm no Judge of, because I'm not a Woman : But to give you his just Character, he's one we can neither speak well, nor ill of ; an honest good for nothing young Fellow ; he's inoffensive, but does not shine in any thing ; such a one as a Woman may love, but a Man can't well esteem.

Bel. He serves to fill up a Place in Company, and set off the Lustre of a Man of Parts. There are many of such insipid Constitutions ; they're quite insensible of any impulse to Pleasure ; In whom, as I take it, it can be no Virtue, not to be Vicious. — But how came you to contract a Friendship with such a Man ?

Val. 'Twas by Chance rather than Design. We were Companions in our Exercises at the Academy ; this begat an Intimacy, since when, he forces me into a Confidence of all his Secrets. — But here he comes.

Bel. Then I fly in Pursuit of my own Affair. [*Exit.*

Enter Leander.

Val. *Leander*, the gay, the happy, and most blest of Mortals, whither art thou going ?

Le. I was coming in Quest of thee, my Friend.

Val. Sure thou art drunk with many Charms, and hast forgot thyself, or else thou wouldst not throw away one Moment of this precious Time upon dull Friendship. But say, when art thou to be folded in Beauty ; or is the happy Minute over ?

Le. Not yet,

Val.

Val. Then this is to be the Night that makes thee happy, and you're come to invite me to the Ceremony?

Le. No, I've deferr'd it a few Days.

Val. Deferr'd it! Don't say that you deferr'd it, I can't think so ill of you. How can you tantalize your Senses? How can you eat, drink, or sleep, 'till 'tis over?

Le. I have a very good Reason.

Val. Impossible; for there can be no Reason where there's Love. But ha, methinks the Air of his Face is chang'd! What ails you? You look with an austere wise Countenance, and have all the miserable Symptoms of a Man recover'd to his Senses.

Le. Know, in a Word, that I'm jealous.

Val. Of whom?

Le. Of all the World.

Val. Sir, Your most humble Servant. So I suppose you have a Mind to fight all the World, and are come to do me the Honour of making me your Second.

Le. No, Sir you mistake me quite, that is not the Case. But I have consider'd that Women are unaccountable in all their Actions; sometimes they marry to please their Friends, sometimes for Liberty, but often to abuse a Man of Honour. Now before I venture upon *Flavia*, I would have her Love and Constancy put to some Trial.

Val. What strange Chimæras have possess'd thy Brain? With what Conscience canst thou pretend to marry with all these Suspicions about thee? Pristh, my Friend, either change these Whims, or your Resolution of marrying. I tell you he that trembles in the Port, should never venture out to Sea,

Le. Yes,

Le. Yes, but not without a fair Wind, and a serene Sky.

Val. Well, come, explain your self.

Le. It is my Opinion, that if *Flavia* be Proof against Temptation now, she will be ever so.

Val. How does that follow? Perhaps she may change.

Le. If she be not made up of that common Frailty which leads weak Minds astray, she never can; for Virtue will be still the same.

Val. Prithee go on; and if you know what you would be at, tell me.

Le. I've thought of a Stratagem, which you, my Friend, must put in Execution. 'Tis thus, I'll make a Pretence of going out of Town; but first I'll recommend you to her, with this Request, that in my Absence she would receive Visits from no Man but you. In the mean time you must assail her with all the moving Powers of Art and Eloquence, the same you practise where you really design a Conquest, and give me an Account from Time to Time how she receives you.

Val. But you would not have me push things to an Extremity. I say you would not have her debauch'd.

Le. If she is to be debauch'd, with all my Heart, a good Ridance, let her go; I shall be happy in missing one that must poison all my Happiness, and bring Reproach upon my Name and Family; but if she holds out, pronounce me as happy t'other way, as Love and Beauty join'd, can render Man.

Val. This is the Employment you've found out for me.

Le. Yes, Sir.

Val. You must excuse me, Sir, I can't undertake it. I am not qualified.

Le. How,

Le. How, not qualified to make Love! Sure thou hast not been in *Italy* since I saw thee: I am sure you can flatter, lie, and make Verses, and are practis'd in all the little Wiles by which that Sex is caught.

Val. Were it with any Woman but with *Flavia*, I would try to serve you.

Le. Why not with *Flavia*? Can't you dissemble with her what you would practise with another?

Val. How is it possible to tell *Flavia* that I love her, and dissemble? A Face so fair, a Mixture of such Modesty and Sweetness! —

Le. So much the better; then all you tell her will pass for Truth; you can't say any thing of a handsome Woman so extravagant, but what her Vanity will make her believe.

Val. This incomprehensible Fool won't understand me. [Aside.

Le. Have I your Promise? Speak.

Val. You have: But if any Mischief ensues, let the Blame lie at your own Door.

Le. It shall. I've sent my Servant to give her Notice of my Departure. As soon as he returns, I'll see you again. Till then, Adieu. [Exit.

Val. What a whimsical Design is this I'm undertaking? And how the lovely *Flavia* will take it, who can tell? Sure this incorrigible Fop deserves no Quarter! His vile Usage of a Woman of Honour may justify any Treatment towards him. Let me consider; I have a Fool to deal with on the one side, and on the other a fine Woman is to be sav'd from Ruin. It shall be so; ingenious Love has found an Excuse. [Exit.

Enter La Jupe.

La J. Who's this? My Master, old *Testy*, that quarrels with himself for want of better Company.
To

To avoid a Lecture, I'll move off and leave him to snarl at his own Shadow.

Enter Caprice.

Cap. Here, Hussey, Patch-box ; you, Powder-puff, come back here, I say, and answer me two or three Questions. Where's my Daughter *Julia* ?

La J. In her Closet, Sir, Reading.

Cap. Reading. What Business have Women with Books ? They can be troublesome and silly enough without Learning : She'll study, and learn, and read till she learns to be a Fool. Her Head will be turn'd, then I shall be at the Expence of sending her to a Mad-house. — Stay, Hussey, whither are you running ? Where's my Niece *Flavia* ?

La J. Gone to Prayers, Sir.

Cap. To Prayers ! What to do ? For no good, that's certain. 'Tis nothing but Intrigues, young Fellows, and the Devil, that carry such young Wenches as her to Prayers : But she's to be married in a Day or two ; then, I suppose, her Fit of Devotion will be over. Come back, Hussey, or I'll lay my Cane upon your Bones. Where's my Niece *Fantast* ?

La J. At Picquette, Sir, with Count *Cudile*.

Cap. How, Hussey, at Picquette with that Rogue ?

La J. Sir, how can I help it ? I an't her Governess, am I ?

Cap. Yes, when there's any Mischief to be done, you are her Governess. She'll lose her Reputation ; what will become of her Virtue !

La J. You need not be in pain about that, he has no Design upon her Reputation or Virtue ; he's a very honest Gentleman, he only intends to ruin her ; that's all.

Cap. Does he so, Hussey ? What, are you merry upon it ? Ruin her, that's all ? I'll prevent him : Here fetch me my Gun ; I'll kill the Rogue : I'll load it

it with false Dice, and fight the Dog at his own Weapons.

Enter Fantast.

Fan. O inhumane ! what a cruel Party have I lost ! Never did such a Parcel of wicked Cards meet in one Hand, that's certain.

Cap. What, is the Rogue escap'd ? Is he gone ?

Fan. I don't value the Loss of the Money, but I could almost cry for the Unkindness of the Cards.

Cap. Is the Rogue gone, I say ?

Fan. That there should be so much Malice in senseless Bits of Paper ! O the ungrateful Things, that I have been so fond of ! 'Twould provoke one to make a Vow against ever loving any thing again ; for I see wherever there is Love on one side, there will be Ingratitude on t'other.

Cap. Tell me ; is he gone ; or I'll ———

Fan. Yes, all my Money's gone.

Cap. O Lord ! O Lord ! what shall I do with her ! — And how much have you lost ? That is, how much out of your great Generosity have you presented him with ?

Fan. Fifty Pistoles, and Fifty more upon Honour.

Cap. And where do you intend to have Money to pay it ?

Fan. What a Question is that ! Who should I have Money from, but from you, dear Uncle ?

Cap. From me ! Ha, ha, that's very merry. Pray what do you see in my Face that looks like a Bubble ?

Fan. Why, sure you would not be so barbarous. What will become of my Honour ? What will the *Beau Monde* say of me ? Nay, dear Uncle, but this once : You'll see how good I'll be. I'll save it in my very Table ; nay, in Patches, Paint, or Poems. — Any thing rather than suffer so great a Disgrace to fall upon me.

Cap.

Cap. Patches, Paint and Poems. O Lud! O Lud! She'll certainly provoke me to beat her. I shall run mad if I stay any longer. [Exit.]

Fan. I'm undone, if I can't wheedle him out of this Money.

La J. I told you, Madam, he was a common Sharper; but you chid me, and said I did not understand the Game.

Fan. I tell you he is not half a Degree from an Idiot; a perfect Fool, as you may see by his Luck. As soon as I win my own Money back, I shall be ashamed of playing any longer with him, lest I should have the Mortification of ruining the poor Fellow.

La J. That would be sad indeed; for I've been told there is one infallible Way of ruining Men of his Industry; and that is not to play with them at all.

Fan. How, prithee, how didst thou learn to rally so genteely? You say an ill natur'd thing with a very cool Negligence.

La J. Your Conversation, Madam, has improv'd me. With leave I'll ask a Question or two. I fancy if any thing can cure this unaccountable Humour, it must be Matrimony. Pray, Madam, what do you think of a Husband?

Fan. Oh, *La Jupe*, I think a Husband a strange Creature. ——— Then to see a Couple fond, is a most odious Sight. For my part, if I were married I would never love my Husband, that's certain; 'tis so *bourgeoise*: And then on the other side, the Creatures don't know how to be civil to other Women till they begin to hate their own Wives.

La J. But don't you think it possible you might fall in Love, Madam?

Fan. Oh, very possible. Nay, I always am in Love with one thing or other: But I can't love more than one thing at once. There's not room

in

in a Woman's Heart for more than one Object at a time. A little while ago I was passionately in Love with my Parrot, now I begin to grow tir'd of that, I'd give any thing in the World for a Monkey ; and if that should be so unfortunate as to grow out of Favour, as who can answer for one's Heart, perhaps, the next thing I should take a Fancy to, may be either a Lap-Dog, a Husband, or a piece of China.

La J. But have you no Notion of the Happiness of a married Life? Don't you think there are Comforts in it?

Fan. Yes, I think there is one very pretty thing may attend it.

La J. Pray, Madam, what's that?

Fan. Widowhood.

La J. And a good Jointure. Pray, Madam, don't leave that out.

Fan. When I nam'd a pretty thing, that must be understood. But tell me, *La Jupe*, what shall I do to pass the Afternoon ; shall I go and teize the Milliners, make 'em tell a thousand Lies, and buy nothing?

Enter Julia undress'd.

Dear Cousin, where hast been? Not dress'd yet! So very careless I have not seen any thing. All the live long Morning that should be spent before your Glass, is thrown away in reading. Why, Child, how you look? Sure you ha'nt wash'd your Face these two Days.

Jul. I'll give you leave to spend your whole time in Dress and Raillery, if you'll let me employ mine in something more profitable.

Fan.

Fan. There, my dear sweet Cousin, you must give me leave to contradict you; for 'tis plain that nothing can be of so great Consequence to a Woman as adorning her Person.

Jul. Thou art a perfect Original in the Levity of our Country. You are not content to be agreeable as Nature made you, but you set your whole Invention at Work to make yourself ridiculous. True *French Woman*.

Fan. Certainly, Cousin, You can't have a Soul for Music; if you had you would tune your Voice to softer things; there's no Harmony in these harsh Expressions.

Jul. My Dear, I love you so well I can't flatter you.

Fan. I wish you lov'd me less, since it has such an unfortunate Effect upon your Conversation. Not flatter me! How ill natur'd was that Saying! — Sure you are made up of Discord. For, believe me, Cousin, Flattery is the sweetest Music in the World. It has Power to tame a Savage. [*Looking in the Glass while she speaks.*]

Jul. Then you set no value upon the Ornaments of the Mind.

Fan. About as much as the rest of the World does: For an Instance of which you shall take what pains you please to improve your Mind, and I'll improve my Complexion, and let's see which will be most admir'd.

Jul. Admir'd! Yes, but by what? By Fools and Coxcombs.

Fan. Yes, Cousin; but I hope you'll allow that that's the greatest Part of Mankind.

Jul. Well, I do allow it. — And suppose you are admir'd, what are you the better?

Fan.

Fan. Why then I gain my End, the very End for which I was Made. For I do maintain, That a Woman's Business in this World is only to be admir'd; and I may add, without Vanity, that there is not a finer Cosmetic in the World for the Skin, than what I use.

Ful. Thou vain impertinent little Pratler, hold thy Tongue, I can hear no more on't. I pity you, for you have Money and Impertinence enough to engage all the Fops in *France*.

Fan. Prithee now you talk of Money, lend me a little to throw away; they say you save all yours to do Good with. I find my self vastly inclin'd to ramble to Day, but can't stir for want of a little Money to play the Fool with.

Ful. You've given the worst Reason in the World for my lending you Money: No, stay at Home, and keep me Company. I expect a Visit from pretty *Mademoiselle Bellegarde*.

Fan. I would not be in the Way for the World, if She's to come, her Company is not to be endur'd ever since she grew Serious. I think the last Time she was here, You and She almost Quarrell'd about *Seneca*.

Ful. She was something like Thee, not altogether so Silly as she made herself. But she became ashamed of her Affectation, and laid it by; and you have taken it up, and I'm afraid will keep it for ever.

Fan. What think you of going to Visit *Madam Commerce* the rich Burgher's fat Widow: They say she's Married again, to Young *Belleair*. I long to plague her with a Ceremonious Visit.

Ful. Are your Visits become such Plagues then?

Fan. Only to her. I intend to teaze her Greatness with Congratulations upon this Match; for I'm told he Beats her already.

Jul. Thou wicked little Creature, how could so much Mischief enter into thy Head? You shall not plague the World with Visits to Day; you shall stay at Home, and mortify me with your Company.

Fan. Must I stay at Home a whole Day then? If I must, I'll go into the next Room, and practice my last New Dance. [*Exit. Dancing and Singing.*]

Jul. What! Is she gone?

La. F. Yes, Madam.

Jul. Say, have you told me all the Particulars you could learn of his Birth and Quality?

La. F. I have, Madam, every Circumstance.

Jul. And are you sure he did not discover who you were, nor from whence you came?

La. F. I'm sure, Madam, he can never know me again; for while I spoke to him, my Face was cover'd with a Veil.

Jul. Then I am easy so far; methinks I would not have it known for all the World. If my Weakness were discover'd, I should die for shame.

La. F. Pray, Madam, don't talk of Dying, for all young Ladies in Love must be put to a little Shame, before they gain their Point.

Jul. Give me a Book, I'll read a little.

La. F. She reads one Thing, and thinks of another. She won't be much the Wiser for this Lesson.

Jul. It won't do.

La. F. This was a very short Lesson: But had you intended to have gone on, here comes one that would have interrupted it.

Enter

Enter Fillette.

Fil. Your humble Servant sweet pretty Creature :
What alone, and in Contemplation ? In Love with-
out Doubt.

Jul. What shall I do with this Creature. She'll
plague me now, for I'm in no Humour to be talk'd
to.

Fil. What pity it is so much Beauty should lie
fallow ! For Shame, Madam, Marry, and multiply
your Kind. Do some Good in your Generation, as
the Saying is.

Jul. Always upon the same Subject, Madam
Fillette ?

Fil. Bless me ! How the World's alter'd since I was a
Maid ; every Age grows worse and worse : Then Peo-
ple us'd to Marry betimes and live honest ; but now,
some go one way, and some another. Mercy on us !
it looks as if the World would soon be at an End.

Jul. But why are you so pressing with People to
Marry, what do you get by it ?

Fil. Nothing at all, Madam, not I. Lord knows my
Heart, 'tis only out of meer Love and Kindness to
young People ; for you know the World is a vile
World, and a censorious World, and a wicked World,
and young Women are never safe till they are Mar-
ried ; that's all Madam--- I get by it ! --- Not I indeed.

Jul. You say the young People formerly were in
great haste to Marry ; methinks that Impatience was
no Mark of their Modesty.

Fil. You take the Thing quite wrong, Lady *Julia*,
for begging your Pardon, an Indifference towards
Marriage, is the greatest Mark of Immodesty in a
young Woman that can be.

Ful. Pray why so?

Fil. Because it looks as if they had something worse in their Heads.

Ful. You make very strange Conclusions, Madam
Fillette.

Fil. It is certainly so, Madam, for I my self was Married at Eleven, had a fine Boy at Twelve, a Girl at Thirteen, and was a Widow, and Married again at Fourteen.

Ful. Then you have been twice a Widow?

Fil. O Madam, I'm the most unfortunate Woman that ever was Born! No poor Creature's Fate was ever so hard as mine, to lose so many honest Men, before I'm past my Prime! Alas, Madam, 'tis my seventh Widowhood!

Ful. And which of all these Husbands did you love best?

Fil. Alas! Madam, the last; the last was always best: So well I lov'd 'em all, at least I thought so; never did poor Woman suffer so many Afflictions in so short a Time. Yes, Madam, seven honest Men. [*Weeps.*]

Ful. There is something very Singular in your Fate, I own.

Enter Caprice.

Cap. What's to be done now? What are you all about here? What not drest yet?

Ful. Sir, my Cousins and I have a Mind to go to the Play to Night, if you'll give us your Company.

Cap. What! I to the Play? I give Money to hear your impertinent Buffoons talk Nonsense? No, No, not I.

Ful. Then I'll go Dress, and divert my Self at Home. [*Exit.*]

Fil.

Fil. How d'ye do, good Sir? I vow you look very well: You grow young again.

Cap. So, what brings you here, Madam *Fillette*?

Fil. I come to divert your Young Ladies with a little Chat.

Cap. How, Chat! The worst Diversion in the World. But I can tell you, you might have spar'd your Labour; for they can chat fast enough to divert themselves, and tire every Body else.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's a Gentleman at the Door desires to speak with you.

Cap. If it be a Gentleman, why did not you shew him in?

Ser. Sir, he's here.

Enter Bellamy.

Bel. This Letter is for you.

Fil. Ha! Is not this the Spark I saw in safe Du-rance this Morning? I'll stand aside to discover what his Business is here.

Cap. Reads.

THE Gentleman who delivers you This, is a Stranger in Paris, and for some Reasons will be oblig'd to be private. You need not inquire into the Meaning of this: Let it suffice, that I who know him to be a Man of Honour, recommend him to you. Your own House will be the safest Place. I don't doubt but you'll use him as you would your Friend and humble Servant,

MERITE.

Pray, Sir, how does my Friend?

Bel. I left him well, Sir.

Cap. Did you ride Post, Sir.

Bel. No, Sir, I came by Water.

Cap. Have you liv'd long at *Roan*?

Bel. Not long, Sir, I'm but newly arriv'd from *England*.

Cap. Are you a Native of that Country?

Bel. Yes, Sir.

Cap. 'Tis many Years since I travell'd thither; but though I was but young, I made some Remarks upon the Inhabitants. Pray Sir, do the *English* continue as Mad as formerly?

Bel. Thereabouts Sir, there are among us more Madmen than Fools.

Cap. In my Time it was a very whimsical Madness that possess'd them; for your Atheists were all mad about Religion, and your Priests about Politicks.

Bel. 'Tis the Indulgence of our Laws, that allows us to be Mad as often as we please.

Cap. Then your City of *London*; the Inhabitants of the Middle Part were remarkable for their Dullness, but not much for their Honesty.

Bel. You mean the Citizens;

Cap. Egad, and so I do: but I much admire the Industry of a set of Juglers that flock about that Pile of Building call'd the Exchange, who get great Estates by buying and selling nothing.

Bel. I suppose you mean Stock-Jobbers.

Cap. Right, so they are call'd.

Bel. There is a Game at Hazard, where every Man that has any Thing to lose is certainly undone: But your fine Operator that understands the Cunning Part of the Play, ventures nothing, secures a Die, throws at all, and sweeps the Table.

Cap. I much admire the Humour of your Country Men in one thing, and that is, that they give no

En-

Encouragement to a certain pack of idle Fellows that among us are call'd the Beaux Esprits.

Bel. Wits we call them, --- that proceeds from a receiv'd Notion, that Wit and good Manners are no helps to Industry; therefore our wealthy Men of Business never spoil their Sons with a good Education.

Cap. Faith and Troth, and they are in the right on it: But above all I'd keep them from the Company of those Fellows, they are enough to ruin any young Fellow, for the Rogues never pay their Club: They had like to have spoiled me when I was young, but I was too Cunning for them, they could not make a Wit of me for the Hearts of them.

Bel. 'Twas a very lucky Escape.

Cap. But above all Things I like your Women, odd, they are sweet Rogues, and so silent. Now among us here, in *France*, three Women make a Comfort of Paper-Mills: But yours are so reserv'd, odd if they could not speak at all, I should like them better still: I wish I was young again for their Sakes, I'd go to *England* and Marry.

Bel. I don't know, but if you should go as far as *England* for a very silent Wife, but you might find your self mistaken. We are grown fond of imitating your Follies; and among the Youth of both Sexes in *England*, you may meet with many lively Images of *French* Impertinence.

Cap. Sir, I ask pardon, I forgot that you are fatigu'd with your Journey. Pray walk in and refresh, and we'll converse farther. You'll find me a merry old Fellow, though something splenetic by the Bye --- and I hate Ceremony. [Exeunt.]

Fil. A very lucky Discovery I've made here. This is the same Spark I was to provide for this Morning, and is now come to set up for himself

without consulting me. This Letter, and this Story of England are all Lies, a Contrivance to catch one of these Fortunes. But my Education is finely thrown away upon me if I suffer this to pass. No, no, young Man, I design to dispose of this Family another way, and if I've any Plot in my Head I'll spoil your Design. I'll go about it immediately, for there's no Time to be lost. [Exit.]

Enter Leander and Jesmin.

Le. Well, *Jesmin*, have you been where I order'd you to go?

Jes. Yes, Sir.

Le. And did you see *Flavia*, and her Uncle *Monsieur Caprice*?

Jes. I did Sir.

Le. And you told them, my Father was taken ill, and that I must be oblig'd to go out of Town immediately.

Jes. I did not omit a Word of what you bid me.

Le. And what did he say?

Jes. When I told him what a dangerous Condition your Father was in, and describ'd the two Doctors and the Apothecary, he shook his Head, lifted his Handkerchief to his Eyes, and made such comical Faces, that I could not forbear laughing for my Life.

Le. And did you tell *Flavia*, that if possible I would snatch so much Time as to take my leave; if not, that I had desir'd my Friend *Valere* to tell her all I had to say?

Jes. I told her all that, Sir, and that you would be back in a Day or two.

Le. A Day or two Blockhead? I bid you say a Fortnight.

Jes.

Jes. A Fortnight did you, Sir, Lord, Sir, I said but a Day or two, for I thought that had been long enough to try a Woman.

Le. I guess'd you'd commit some damn'd Blunder; but be sure that you keep this very secret, for upon that depends the whole Management.

Jes. Yes, Sir, I consider'd it must be a secret, for if it should come to be known, the whole Town would laugh at us. Therefore I would not tell it to any Body but only to. ---

Le. Only to who Sir?

Jes. Only to ---, as a Body may say, --- I may as well out with it. --- In short then, Sir, I could not help telling Mr. Valere's Man.

Le. What, you Dog, have you betray'd me?

Jes. No, no, Sir, there's nothing of betraying in the Case, and *Le Grange* is as honest a Fellow as ever wore Blue: He wont tell any Body, I dare answer for him.

Le. But what could tempt you Sirrah, to disobey my Orders?

Jes. You must know, Sir, I had got some Villainous Suspicion's in my Head.

Le. Suspicion's! Of whom?

Jes. Of *La Jupe*, I have made honourable Love to her a great while, and she being a cunning Jade, and having a strange Wantonness about her Eyes, I had a Mind to have her Tried beforehand, to know whether she be sound at Bottom.

Le. So, Rascal, because in an Affair where my Honour was concern'd, I thought it Prudence to take some Precautions, you must.

Jes. Right, Sir, I thought it Prudence too; 'twas your Example first took me; Jealousy I find is damn'd catching; we must be Cunning and very cunning Master, or else we shan't be able to deal with these Women. They are such Sharpers, that they

they keep up their Hands close, and never shew their Play, till they're Married; but as soon as that's over, and they have a Man fast, if they be any thing of Whiplsters, Hey hocus pocus Begar. They play the whole Game upon you, Sir, for they have it all in their own Hands; so Sir, it stands upon us to take care of our selves.

La. Look to it, Sirrah, if any thing happens by this Discovery, your Bones pay for it, that's all.

[Exit]

Jesmin. Ay, ay, we must take care of our selves, and look before we leap, there's no knowing a Jade by her Looks; a founderd Horse may have good Paces, therefore sharp's the Word.

*Thus Jockeys prove their Horses e'er they buy 'em;
So e'er we marry Wives, we ought to try 'em.*

ACT III.

Enter La Jupe.

This Gentleman's coming into our House has put Madam Julia in a strange Fright; she thinks her self betray'd; but I am positive she could discover nothing from what I said or did. If I could find his Servant, I should soon know from him, — Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ranger.

Oh, this is the Damsel of the Family; odd I have a Mind to be at her, for my Master will do no good

good in his Design before she and I come to a right Understanding; for 'tis certain that when a Fit of Wantonness runs through the whole Family, it generally begins in the Garret first. Harkee my Dear, you Hussey, come hither my dear *Pigsneye*.

La. J. Be quiet you impudent Toad.

Ran. Prithee how came you so well acquainted with my good Qualities, that have but just known me?

La. J. I see it in your Face.

Ran. What?

La. J. Brass.

Ran. What do you take me for a Tinker? Prithee does your Kettle want mending?

La. J. Impudence! --- I believe I've seen that familiar Rogue's Face of yours before.

Ran. So another saucy Jade told me yesterday, and call'd me the Knave of Clubs.

La. J. Who was she that was so free with you?

Ran. A Whore, I suppose, but a very honest Girl for all that.

La. J. Did you know her?

Ran. Yes, but I never saw her before.

La. J. How can that be?

Ran. She's our Banker; keeps our Money.

La. J. Where does she live?

Ran. That I can't tell.

La. J. That's enough; I'm satisfied he does not know me.

Ran. But, prithee Child, whose Utensil are you. Here are three Young Ladies in this House; which of them is your Perquisite.

La. J. I'm the head Servant, and keep all the Keys.

La. J.

Ran. Keep the Keys! Madam, I ask your Ladyships Pardon with all my Heart; if I had known that, I should have treated you with more Respect, for I always reverence a Person that keeps Keys. — She may have Wine under her Command. [*aside*] But harkee Child, you must know my Master is in Love with one of your Ladies; She, the tallest and handsomest of them, *Julia*, I think you call her; Prithee lets have her without much ado.

La. J. I own I love to help People in Distress; I'm strangely good natur'd.

Ran. Then I'll give you an Opportunity of exercising your good Nature immediately.

La. J. Prithee how?

Ran. Why you shall give your self to me.

La. J. I'm afraid you can't Love with Tender-ness.

Ran. But I can Love with Impudence; that's better.

La. J. I've a Mind to try your Good-nature: Will you grant me one Favour?

Ran. Ah poor Devil, she's smitten already! Come, you may speak it out, for I won't be cruel.

La. J. Kind Puppy.

Ran. How tractable these French Women are! Come speak: You shall have it, though it were the Remains of my last two Years Wages.

La. J. What I shall ask is a meer Trifle, next to nothing at all.

Ran. Nothing at all; Faith that's just as much as I offer'd her. [*Aside.*]

La. J. 'Tis only that you would present me with one of your Ears.

Ran. How!

La. J.

La. J. 'Tis the same I exact of all my Lovers. I can shew you two or three Dozen in my Closet.

Ran. What! Will no part of a Man go down with you but an Ear?

La. J. No.

Ran. We *Englishmen* mayn't part with our Ears Child.

La. J. Why so?

Ran. Because our Ears are none of our own, they belong to the Law; and we must keep 'em standing, for we don't know how soon there may be a demand for 'em.

La. J. This is nothing but a Cowardly Excuse; if you differ about such a Trifle as an Ear, I've done with you. [Exit.]

Ran. I believe I've taken the wrong Sow by the Ear. I'll follow her, perhaps she's gone to the Cellar. Then Courage, have at her Wine and her Maiden-head: I shall have more Assurance when I drink a Glass; for though I was born in a Garret, my *Genius* lies in a Cellar. [Exit.]

Enter Fantast.

Fan. I will know the Meaning of this; I ne'er was so surpriz'd at any thing in my Life! Here, who's there?

Enter Servant.

Go call *La Jupe* this Minute. I never was so barbarously used in all my Life. This Stranger, this stupid *English* Fellow, with all the odious Gallantry he was Master of, address'd himself entirely to Cousin *Julia*, without one soft Regard, one Languish aim'd at

at me ----. My Amazement kept me longer silent than ever I was in my Life before; I believe I was two Minutes together without speaking one Word.

Enter La Jupe.

La. J. I've made *Julia* easy, as to a fear of a Discovery.

Fan. Prithee, *La Jupe*, where's the *English Gentleman*?

La. J. He's sitting with *Julia*, Madam, at her Toilet.

Fan. Very fine! But why should I be surpriz'd at it, for would you believe it, he had the Impertinence to say fine Things to her when I was by: What can be the Meaning of this? Are not you surpriz'd at this Stupidity?

La. J. All Men, it seems, don't see with the same Eyes, Madam.

Fan. Right, *La Jupe*, and some are Blind and cannot see at all. But Nature wisely ordain'd it for the Ease of some of us, who otherwise must be embarrass'd with a great deal of intollerable Address.

Enter Bellamy and Julia.

Have you been paying your Levy, Sir, to my Cousin's Toilet, and offering your weighty Advice in point of Dress.

Bel. I do pretend, Madam, to understand something of the Art of Dress.

Fan. It requires much Study, and a vast Genius.---- Pray, Sir, how do you like my *Coeffure*? Is it modell'd to your Taste?

Bel.

Bel. The Air is Gallant and Free, but methinks it stands too forward; too much of your Face cannot be seen.

Fan. How does the Air of my Cousin's please you?

Bel. Infinitely! 'Tis the exact Model of a beautiful, well-drest Head.

Fan. Foolish enough! How dull this Creature is! Pray, Sir, give me leave to ask you one Question: Were you ever in Love?

Bel. Yes, Madam. [Looking at Jul.]

Fan. Impossible! Who would believe it! Was it in your own Country, Sir?

Bel. In my Travels, Madam.

Fan. Pray, Sir, describe the Nymph that made so great a Conquest?

Bel. If you would have a Description of her Person, I must recollect my *Ideas*, and summon all my Fancy to my Aid—I ought to be inspir'd to find out Images to represent her matchless Form.

[looking at Jul.]

Fan. First as to her Complection.

Bel. A little darker than yours, Madam.

[Looking first at Jul. then at Fan.]

Fan. O hideous! then she was too Dark:

Bel. Pardon my Mistake, I meant a little Fairer.

Fan. O hideous, then she was too Fair! You might as well have had a Passion for a piece of Chalk.

Bel. O Glorious Vanity! How Happy dost thou make thy Votaries?

Jul. Your *English* Ladies have good Faces.

Bel. So all Travellers are pleas'd to say.

Fan. But tho' my Dress, Sir, had the Misfortune to fall under your Displeasure; I hope you'll have a more extensive Complaisance for my Face. How do

do you like my Colour? Does this Red I wear please you?

Bel. This Side appears with a beautiful *Vermilion*, it puts Nature out of Countenance. But here methinks your Pencil has but lazily perform'd its Office.

Fan. Pray let me see. [*pulls out a Glass*] O frightful! Why I han't put on half my Face to Day. How could you be so barbarous not to tell me on't sooner? *La Jupe*, fly and bring me my Things; I must mend it immediately. [*Exit La Jupe.*]

Ful. I think your *English* Ladies use no Helps to Beauty.

Bel. The better bred do Madam; but 'tis secretly.

Fan. I find they're very apt to be modest where they should not. 'Tis something odd that a Woman should be industrious to conceal her own Ingenuity: For my Part, I may say, without Vanity, that I've a Change of fine Features for every Day in the Week.

Enter La Jupe with Paint, &c.

Oh come; Now, Sir, I'll see what you're good for. Exercise your Gallantry a little: Here, hold the Glass for me. Sir, your Servant. I'll begin with a Touch here; a little there won't be amiss. [*paints.*] I must move this Patch, or I shall look like my Lady What d'ye call her, that always charges her magnificent Nose with three large Patches, Pray, Sir, take a Patch out of that Box, and put it me upon this Dimple.--- There, very well. Sir, your Servant.--- Now I think my Face is uniform. But pray, Sir, do you handle the Pencil,

Pencil, and give an Additional Touch where you think it may want. Let's see, have you any Fancy?

Bel. Nothing can mend what you have so well perform'd. You have a very fine Hand, Madam.

Fan. Yes, I think I need not blush for what I've done to Day.

Jul. No, and if she should, she has taken Care it should not be seen.

Fan. If a bashful *English* Woman were to do this, she'd hide herself in her Closet, and bar the Door as if it were to keep out the Enemy, and no body is in the Secret but some *chere Confidante*; tho' as soon as ever she shews her Face, 'tis visible by the Clumsiness on't that 'tis all of her own making.

Jul. I've been extremely pleas'd with the Conversation of some *English Ladies*.

Fan. Yes, Cousin, you remember grave Miss *Formal*; when she and I first knew one another, she was the awkwardest Figure; she did not know whether she was to carry her Elbows before or behind her, and always appear'd with one precise set Face.----- 'Twas I first taught her to laugh.

Bel. And pray, Madam, did she make any Improvement in that Ludicrous Faculty?

Fan. To a Miracle; I believe her Friends scarce knew her when she went back to *England* again, for from being as silent and as still as her Picture, she grew into the most Volatile Talkative Agreeable Thing and would laugh for ever, without any Reason in the World.

Jul. 'Tis an ill-natur'd Piece of Partiality in us to imagine no People so well bred as our selves. I think the Plain-dealing of the *English* preferable to our Ceremony and Grimace.

Bel. The kind Opinion you're pleas'd to entertain of my Country, will, I hope, induce you to
E believe

believe that all the Protestations I made this Morning, came from my Heart. [aside to Jul.]

Jul. I can't tell, Sir, but Travellers may take a Tincture of the Vices of those Countries through which they pass, and Change of Climate may influence the true *English* Spirit of your Men, as well as that of your other Creatures.

Bel. I find the Ladies of all Countries have but one Spirit of Reasoning, and that is the Spirit of Contradiction. [aside.]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Ladies, The Tea is ready.

Fan. Come, let's go. I think the only Things in which we imitate the *English* is in Tea and Detraction. [Exeunt.]

Enter Caprice.

Cap. This Guest of mine is a pretty Sort of a Son of a Whore: Let me see, I'll peruse my Letter once more. Reads.

THIS comes to Inform you, that under the Notion of a Gentleman, you have receiv'd into your Family a Thief. He tells you he's a Traveller: That Part of his Story is true, for he has made the Tour of all the Jayls in Christendom. Take this Advice in good Part, tho' it comes from an unknown Hand. You may prevent all bad Consequences by turning him out of Doors immediately; otherwise I shall expect to hear that your Spark, with some other Knights of Industry, his Companions, have Bound and Gagg'd your whole Family, and made a silent Retreat in the Dark, with all your Plate, Money, Jewels, &c.

Will he so, a Rogue? But I'll be beforehand with him I warrant; I'll put all my Family in Arms, and take him boldly by Surprise. [Exit.]

Enter

Enter Bellamy.

Bel. Sure I'm bewitch'd; the Gaiety of my Temper's lost: I grow dull, and begin to think. Strange Alteration! ----- I never met with any thing before in Woman to check Desire, except their Impudence; but so powerful is her Modesty, it disarms my loose Desires, and changes all into Reverence and Love; when I approach her with Design sweetly to urge my Happiness, a sudden Fear invades me, I tremble and grow Speechless. What can it mean? I must make strong Resolutions, or Vertue will break in upon me.

Enter Ranger.

Well, Sirrah, how do you like your new Quarters?

Ran. Faith pretty well, Sir: As for *Mademoiselle La Jupe*, her Face and her Wine are both to my Taste; and I think we've a good honest Landlord.

Bel. Landlord, Sirrah! You treat the Gentleman very familiarly.

Ran. But wretched sneaking Doings in the Kitchen. There's for Dinner, perhaps, half a Rabbit, the Wing of a Lark, two Rumps, three Kidneys, and half a Dozen Forc'd-meat Balls as small as Pills; and when it comes to us, 'tis snap that snap can i'faith. Then Soup in the Morning, Soup at Noon, and Soup at Night.

But O Beef,-----

When shall my longing Eyes behold thy Beauties,
Thou Pride of *England*, and thou Shame of *France*.

Why dost thou shun me in this hungry Land;

And why! O wherefore art thou seen no more?

Bel. What, are you in Tragedy about it? Won't Soup go down with you then?

Ran. No, Sir, I've had an Aversion to it ever since I starv'd upon it.

Bel. How starv'd!

E 2

Ran.

Ran. When I liv'd with a *French* Marquis that went over for his Religion— and to play at Basset.---- But the Truth on't is, he and I wore such fine Cloaths, we could not afford to Eat.

Bel. Then you'll hardly return to *France* again, if you once get home.

Ran. If I do, may I be hang'd; nay, which is worse, may I be turn'd into a *French-man*, and curst to live upon Snuff and *Soup Maigre* all the Days of my Life.

Bel. Go and enquire if the old Gentleman be within.

Ran. Yes, Sir,

[Exit.]

Bel. Methinks if *Julia* were here now, in the Humour I am in, I could make a strong Attack. She's in her own Apartment, and I think this is it. Why can't I venture in? 'Tis plain I'm afraid. What can it be that awes me thus? Oh! I find it now; I am certainly in Love, and he that loves, scarce ever will prevail; he pays his Mistress too much Respect, and loses that easy Assurance which gains upon the Fair. Away this Modesty: Assist me now thou God of Love, and thou of Impudence, if such a Deity there be.---- Ha, the Door is lock'd, but I'll peep thro' the Key-hole, and if I see her, I'll knock at the Door.

Enter Caprice.

Cap. Ha, what is this Rogue doing; endeavouring to get in there? O the Thief! He has found out the very Room where all my Bills and Money lies: I wish I had my Gun; he's the fairest Shot I ever had in my Life; but before I could fetch it down, I should be robb'd, and the Rogue would escape. I've a good mind to venture to speak to him,---- and yet I'm afraid too---- and yet I must. Pray, Sir, what are you doing there?

Bel.

Bel. What, surpriz'd! What the Devil shall I say now!

Cap. I say, Sir, what was your Business there?

Bel. Business! Why, Sir, I had no Business at all, only to, to, to---- that is, I thought it had been the Way out.

Cap. To, to, to, the Way out! --- It may be the Way out for some nimble Fellows, like you, that are us'd to go out at the Windows: But for your honest Fellows, that go out at the Door, that is the Way.

Bel. Well, Sir, since you have found me out, I'll tell you the whole Truth. I took this for one of your Maids Bed-Chambers; so without telling you my Design, you may guess what it was. I confess my self to blame, for offering any thing like this in your Family: But as you were once Young your self, I hope you'll make some Allowances for this Warmth of Blood.

Cap. And had you no Design upon any thing more substantial than a Maiden-head?

Bel. I own my Design was upon that very Transitory Thing.

Cap. Ha, a very pretty Story you've made: 'Tis very likely that you expected to find my Maids a-bed at this time o' Day. Do any of your Acquaintance send their Servants to Bed at Dinner-time?

Bel. That was a Blunder, I must bring it off if I can [*aside.*] No, Sir, pardon me; but I seeing the Door shut, thought that one of the Maids might have lock'd herself in to, to, to go to Prayers.

Cap. To, to, go to Prayers; ha, ha! And so you were for going to to Prayers with her.--- This is a pretty Fellow for a Thief, [*aside.*] But begging your Pardon, Sir, you tell your Story like a Devil.

Bel. Sir, I ask your Pardon, and am your humble Servant.

[*Exit*]

Cap. How he stammer'd for an Excuse; I believe he has not been a Thief long, for he scarce knows his Trade yet. Here, who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir.

Cap. Go into the Stranger's Room, and search for Arms.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Cap. I'll go politickly to Work, disarm him first, and then seize him.

Enter Servant.

Have you found any?

Ser. Yes, Sir, here's a Case of Pistols.

Cap. A Case of Pistols! O desperate Villain! We should have been all Murther'd, not a Mother's Son would have gone to Bed alive. Let's see, are they Charg'd? Do you try, for I'm afraid to touch 'em.

Ser. Yes, Sir, each with a Brace of Balls.

Cap. A Brace of Balls! Worse and worse! Then he did not think one enough for his Bloody Purpose! Go, lay 'em by, and search the Man's Room.

Ser. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Cap. I will have the Rogue hang'd, that's certain, for an Example to all handsom Thieves; Yes, he shall make the Mob a Holy-day.

Enter Servant.

Have you found any in the Man's Room?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Cap. What?

Ser. A Bottle of Brandy, and a dirty Pack of Cards; here they are.

Cap. O the Bloody Villains! Cards and Brandy! So we were to have been burnt alive, and shot to Death
that's

that's certain. Come follow me, and stand all to your Arms. [Exit.]

Enter Bellamy.

Bel. I never was so absent to my Self, as upon this Surprize of the old Gentleman's; I could not tell what to say. I find he knew my Bus'ness was not with a Servant; therefore I shall be forc'd to shift my Quarters. Would I never had come, for what at first was but a liking, is, since my Acquaintance with this lovely Maid, chang'd into something that I never felt before.

Enter Ranger.

Ranger we must pack up and change our Lodgings.

Ran. Pack up! Ha, ha, that's very Merry, Sir; I would pack up with all my Heart, Sir, but for one Reason, and that is, we carry all our Goods upon our Backs. Faith I wish I could Pack up.--- But what's the Matter, Sir, I like my Quarters very well.

Bel. We must move off, or we shall be forc'd to it; and I think it handsomer to resign, than to be turn'd out.

Ran. I thought some Devilish Fortune was coming towards us, by my bad Omen; for looking this Minute under my Bed, I found that somebody had stole my Brandy Bottle. [Exeunt.]

Enter Flavia and La Jupe.

Fla. I'm strangely surpriz'd at the Conduct of *Leander*.

La. J. And I as much at the Behaviour of the Impudent Fellow his Servant.

Fla. At his own Request to Morrow should have been our Wedding Day; and now he sends his

Servant with a Story of his going out of Town; which to me looks like a Pretence.

La. J. It must be certainly so Madam; for when Men are in Earnest upon these Occasions, they're always in furious haste at first, let them be never so slow afterwards.

Fla. Then he desires that I should see no Man but his Friend *Valere* till his Return.

L. J. The very same impudent Airs his Fellow has given himself with me.

Fla. I don't understand what Right he has to give Laws to a Land he never took Possession of.

La. J. Very true, Madam; therefore if I were you somebody else should take Possession of it that would cultivate it better.

Fla. But what is stranger still, this Friend, this mighty Confidant of his, *Valere*, makes Love to me.

La. J. And pray, Madam, how do you receive him?

Fla. With Indignation: I thought it monstrous that a Man should so abuse the Confidence of his Friend.

La. J. *Valere's* Man has done the same thing by me. But truly I shan't be so scrupulous, for either he or the *English* Gentleman's Servant will carry me very soon.

Fla. Why sure you would not be so mad to marry the *Englishman*.

La. J. Why so?

Fla. Because they're are always Drunkards, and generally beat their Wives.

La. J. Let him if he dare: If the *English* Husbands can beat their Wives, I'll let him know that we *French* Women can do something else to our Husbands to make them full as ridiculous.

Enter Valere and Le Grange.

Val. I ought to make some Apology for renewing my Visit so soon; but if your good Humour be renewed, I hope I shall not want any.

Fla.

Fla. Unless you bring something more to deserve it than you did before, I think your Visit might be spar'd.

Val. Something more I do, Madam, and that is good Nature ; you see how soon I can forget I was ill used.

Le. G. An't we a Couple of good natur'd Puppies, to come to see you again, so soon after you us'd us like Devils.

Fla. Sure if you reflected upon the base Part you acted, you cannot think I us'd you ill in scorning your Love upon such vile Terms as the betraying your Friend.

Val. My Friend ! He no more deserves my Friendship than he does your Love ; a Fool is incapable of either. 'Tis he that endeavours to betray you ; and 'twill be no more than an Act of Justice to your self, to make a Reprisal and punish his Insolence, by rewarding him who loves without presuming to suspect you.

Fla. Sir, I desire no Repetition of a Story which I can't yet believe, and since you're beginning upon the old Strain, I'll leave you.

La. J. Puppey be quiet, I'll have nothnig to say to you.

Le. G. Thou lovely dear Pig's Face, thou Wall-Ey'd Charmer, hear me sigh only.

Val. By all that's Beautiful you shall not go. Thus will I hold thee till you hear what I have to say.

Fla. I will go ; I fear it may be dangerous to hear him. [aside.]

Val. Thus will I hold you till I convince you that

Fla. Nay, then I must force my self away.

Le. G. You sha'nt go by all that's ugly.

La. J. There, take that. *Strikes him.* [Exit.]

Val. She's gone, and my Heart fled with her.

Le.

Le. G. Aye, they're gone, and the Devil go with them with all my Heart.

Val. But I must follow her, and try to melt her frozen Heart, for this Resistance does but inflame my Passion; with how much Scorn she Treats my Love.

She seem'd to dart Resentment from her Eyes.

And Parthian like, she wounds me as she flies.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Fillette, and Le Bronze.

Come, let's see; walk about, shew your Shapes, --- To see this Fellow now in this Furniture, who would think that ever he had been condemn'd to be Hang'd.

Le. B. Faith I'm very smart: What, did you buy this Suit of Cloaths at the Frippery?

Fil. Frippery! No, I think not; does that look as if it came from the Frippery? No truly, it was a Person of Qualities, Birth-Night, Suit, he shin'd in it but that Night, and next Morning fold it for Money to play at Basset. I warrant 'twill be worn out before the Taylor's Bill is paid. But I bought it a Pennyworth.

Le. B. 'Tis just fit for a Person of my Quality.

Fil. But be sure you keep out of the way of every Body that knows you.

Le. B. If any of my Acquaintance should light of me, they won't find me out in this Dress. A clean Shirt is disguise enough for me.

Fil. Now you're out of your Trouble, remember who has done all this for you, you ungrateful Beast do. Remember this is the fourteenth Time I've taken you out of Prison.

Le. B.

Le. B. Nay, 'tis but the Thirteenth neither. Pray don't advance upon me.

Fil. How, are you so ungracious as to deny that 'twas I got you your Pardon the last Time you were to be hang'd? Was not I forc'd to procure a sort of a Maidenhead for my Lord's Love, for begging your Life of the Regent?

Le. B. But consider, Madam, that I've made you some Amends one way or another: You know you had a sweet Tooth, and lik'd a handsome Fellow; and if you did save my Life, 'twas for your own Use.

Fil. 'Tis false, 'tis nothing but my good Nature, my Chastity to keep you from the Company of lewd Women, to save you from the Gallows, that's all.

Le. B. Aye, that's very good: She makes me lie with her, to keep me from lewd Women. [*aside.*]

Fil. And remember the last three Wives you Married, you never came near me, till you had spent all their Fortunes; though 'twas I help'd you to them all.

Le. B. But you know I was cheated in one, for she was not worth a Groat: But let us not rip up old Sores, but mind our Business: Tell me what I'm to do.

Fil. You are to Marry a fine Young Lady, if you can catch her: There's another Whipster got into the Family before you; but I suppose I've done his Business: I've sent a Letter to the old Gentleman, which I hope has routed him before now.

Le. B. How must I behave my self, what am I to be?

Fil. You are to represent a Finical out of the way Fellow: In short you are to be a very great Beau and a Lord.

Le. B. I can easily fall into the Humour of a Lord; but what may be my Title?

Fil. You are the Marquis de Gueux.

Le. B. I never heard of that Title before.

Fil.

Fil. So much the better ; you may remember you had like to pay for stealing a Title once already ; but there's no occasion to run that hazard, for I think you've as good a Right to invent a Title that was never known, as some People have to invent a Coat of Arms that was never known.

Le. B. Am I a great Officer in the Army, or do I belong to the Court ?

Fil. Let me see, that merits Consideration : Ladies of her whimsical Temper are apt to be taken with your vain empty Things : Aye, therefore you belong to Court.

Le. B. Very well : And pray what Estate may I have.

Fil. We shan't differ about that ; you shall have as great an Estate as you please, and make what Jointure you please.

Le. B. Very well : But now let's descend a little lower, and Talk in an humbler Stile. What's become of my old Black waste Coat ?

Fil. *A propos*, that's right : I gave it to Poet Rag, to make you some fine Verses to tickle her little Ladyship's Ears. Here they are.— You must pretend you made 'em your Self : All Puppies make Love so now.

Le. B. How shall I pretend to make 'em ? You know I can neither Read nor Write.

Fil. What then ? You may make Verses sure for all that : I've heard of some that have writ Plays, who could hardly Read.

Le. B. Say you so ? Then I may turn Poet, if this marrying Trade should fail.

Fil. But you must shew your Verses about ; for this same Poet Rag is a great Rogue in his Dealings : Sometimes he sells the same Verses to as many People as others have sold the same Maidenheads.

Le. B. I'll take Care, but when am I to begin my Expedition ?

Fil.

Fil. Immediately, but be sure you behave your self like a Gentleman, and don't affect to be Witty, with your Jayl Cant: Remember where you are, for the Lady is a fine Lady, and a great Fortune.

Le. B. How, a great Fortune! Then I'll win her, and ride in my Coach.

Fil. Do, or else I fear your Fate will be to ride in a Cart: Well, I'll go thither first to prepare the Way, and intend to give a glorious Character of you; and let me see that you answer it.

Le. B. But what, must I lose the Widow Rich?

Fil. No, no, not lose her: But you must Marry this Young Lady first; then you'll be in Money; so you may court the Widow, and Marry her after.

Le. B. Faith and so I will, and by that time I've spent her Money, I'll find out somebody else to Marry.

Fil. But pray win the Young Lady first.

Le. B. Let me alone; if I once get into her Company, I'll make it worth while; for if I can't marry her, I can rob her, and that's the same Thing you know.

Fil. Come along, and I'll give you farther Instructions. [Exeunt.]

Enter Julia.

Jul. What is the meaning of this Pain I feel? Why is my Heart oppress'd with anguish for the Absence of a Man almost a Stranger; and wherefore beyond all his Sex should I chuse him? But why do I say chuse? It is not we that chuse; some Power for which I want a Name, there is that chuses for us; 'tis that directs our Inclinations against Reason, and makes our Passions extravagant and vain.

Enter Fantast and La Jupe.

Fan. Ah poor Cousin! What forsaken by your Love? Has the Phlegmatic heavy *English* Creature turn'd

turn'd his Back upon you? A pretty well bred Generation these *English*; they kill our Men, and turn their Backs upon our Ladies. What an Unfortunate Figure should I make in such Circumstances!

Jul. Prithee what put it into your Head, that I had any Regard for him?

Fan. Because you happen'd to tell me Child, that's all.

Jul. Heyday, how can you say I told you; did ever I open my Lips?

Fan. No, no, my Dear, 'twas not your Lips; for if your Lips had told me so, 'tis Ten to One I should not have believ'd it. 'Twas your Eyes told me, and you know our Eyes are not so apt to tell Fibs as our Tongues. Yes, those two little Sparklers of yours, that were in your Secrets, turn'd Traytors, and told me all.

Jul. A very fine Story you've made.

Fan. Nay, don't go about to deny it, for I'll swear it: They told me you were pleas'd with every thing he said; that his Person charm'd you, that you would willingly marry him. Nay, I don't know, but they said you'd run away with him. But how could you use your Reverend old Acquaintance so barbarously? Poor *Seneca*'s quite out of Favour, *Pliny* turn'd out of Doors, and *Boileau* lies neglected on the Shelf; and all this for an ungrateful *Englishman*.

Jul. You provoking little Trifler, what d'ye mean?

[Exit.]

Fan. Poor Thing, I've touch'd her in a tender Part. Well, *La Jupe*, how do you and Cousin *Flavia* manage it? I think you are her Confidante. I'm told her Lover has forsaken her too. I don't know how they manage it; but if I should give the least Encouragement to any Fellow, I should be importun'd to Death; They'd never leave me.

La. J. Therefore, Madam, you never do give Encouragement to any Fellows.

Fan.

Fan. Yet they will teaze me for all that. And then you can't imagin how the envious ugly Things of my own Sex hate me: They quarrel with my Face, as if it were a Crime to be handsom.

Enter Fillette.

O Madam *Fillette*, I'm glad you're come, for I want to buy a Thousand Things of you.

Fil. O the pretty sprightly Creature! 'Tis all Life and Good Nature: Fresh as a Rose in *May*, budding Ripe, just fit to be gather'd. I have News for Somebody; --- such News, as would make some leap out of their Skins for Joy.

Fan. Pray good *Fillette* tell it me, for I love to hear News.

Fil. No less than a fine young Lord, is fallen desperately in Love with Somebody.

Fan. What, with me?

Fil. Aye, dying.

Fan. Dying! I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

Fil. Are you so, pray why?

Fan. Because 'tis Ten to One but I shall let him die.

Fil. But you'll tell me another Story when you see him. So fine a Man, and so much good Sense.

Fan. Good Sense! Nay then 'tis Ten to One that I shall make him a Fool.— By what Title is he known?

Fil. He is call'd the Marquis *de Gueux*.

Fan. I never heard of that Name among the Nobility.

Fil. Not heard on't! Bless me, Madam, half the Nobility in *France* are of the same Family.

Fan. Where does he Visit, Madam *Fillette*?

Fil. Visit, Madam? Why if you did but see him, you'd say you never saw a finer Figure move upon two Legs.

La. J. But pray tell us some Particulars of him; Where does he live?

Fil.

Fil. Live! I tell you he's so admir'd and belov'd, and makes so many Conquests among the Fair: More fine Women have died for him, than handsom Fellows by the Hands of the Common Hangman. At this present Time half the Maids of Honour are in a Chalk and Charcole Diet for him.

La. J. But in what Province does his Estate lie?

Fil. Psha,--Then, Madam, he Fences and Dances most Divinely, and plays at Back-Gammon like an Angel.-- What cross Questions this Jade asks. [*aside.*]

La. J. A very ingenious Account she gives of him, I'll be hang'd if this be not some Cheat. [*Aside.*] Madam, if I were you, I would not admit his Visits before I knew who he was. Can you give no Account at all of him? Pray who knows him?

Fil. That's soon Answer'd.--- Who knows him? Why--- I won't tell you. What's that to you, Miss Pert? Must such Creatures as you ask Questions concerning Men of Quality? Pray, Madam, do you allow this Impertinence in Servants?

Fan. No indeed. Pray Miss Pert who gave you this Liberty? Be gone, and ask no more Questions. Take away that Inquisitive ugly Face out of Sight.

La. J. Ha, ugly! As good a Face as your own perhaps. [*Exit.*]

Fil. This Jade had like to have spoilt all.--- These Creatures, Madam, if you allow 'em the least Liberty, will grow so upon you.--- What would his Lordship have said if he had been here, and seen this Hussy take such Freedoms? It might have spoilt your Fortune for ought I know.

Fan. I would not have wish'd it for the Universe. You did very well to chide her.

Fil. Hark, a Coach stops: 'Tis certainly his Lordship, for he sent me before to beg Leave to Visit you.

Fan. O barbarous! Why didn't you tell me sooner? I don't know but my Face is in *Dishabille*.

Enter

Enter Le Bronze.

Le B. Hey, *Le Fleur*! Let the Chariot turn and wait. Ha, this is the Beauty! Madam, 'tis Love alone has introduced me here; and thus I come to throw my Soul at your Ladyship's Feet. Oh, Madam, extend your Mercy to a poor Criminal, who thus pleads guilty at the Bar of your Beauty.

Fil. Now the Dog thinks himself at the Sessions House?

Fain. Your Lordship is so extremely gallant.

Le B. Here am I fix'd for ever, unless your Ladyship lays your absolute Commands upon me to rise.

Fan. Pray, My Lord.

Le B. Egad, that won't do, Madam! You must Command.

Fan. Then I do, My Lord.

Le B. And I obey, and am your Ladyship's eternal Slave. Pray, Madam, who is that terrible Old Woman?

Fan. Does not your Lordship know her?

Le B. Not I, by all that's bright.

Fan. Pox on his Wooden Head [*aside.*] Yes, sure, it was your Lordship sent me hither, to tell the Lady you intended her a Visit.

Fan. It is *Filette* my Lord.

Le B. This was a Blunder [*Aside.*] Is it so? But my Eyes were so fix'd on you I could see nothing else. --- Is it you, *Filette*? How do you do, you poor Devil? Come hither, and I'll give you Ten Pistoles to make you happy.

Fil. For what, my Noble Lord?

Le B. For what? Why, for nothing. --- What should a Man of Quality give his Money away for, but for Nothing?

Fil. 'Tis in your Lordship's Nature to be generous.

Fan. I think nothing more becoming in a Great Man than a Contempt of odious Money.

Le B. There is not a Peer in *France* minds it so little as my self. Would you believe, Madam, that I'm sometimes Three Months together, without carrying a Pistole in my Pocket.

Fan. How Behaviour distinguishes a Man of Quality! How infinitely he outshines that stupid *English* Fellow!

Le B. What does your Ladyship talk of an *English* Fellow? Has any presum'd to offend you?

Fan. No, my Lord.

Le B. 'Tis very well; for if any had, I would have had him hang'd! That's all.

Fan. How does your Lordship divert your self? Do you ever Play?

Le B. Yes, Madam, at all Games, and win at none. --- But 'tis a genteel Way of obliging some poor Devils that live by it. How does your Ladyship pass yours?

Fan. I Dance, Sing, Dress, Rally, Paint, and see an Opera; but never read.

Le B. Nor I, Split me; for I hate it. I leave that to your dull Dogs, that have nothing of their own in their Heads.

Fan. But o' *Sundays* ----

Le B. O' *Sunday* a Man of Distinction can't shew his Face at the Opera, 'tis so crowded with the *Cannaille*.

Fan. Therefore every *Sunday* I spend the whole Day at *Basset*.

Le B. Exactly my Way. But, Madam, shall I tell you how long I've been your Pris'ner, and how heavily I've born your Chains.

Fil. Chains and Pris'ner! The Dog thinks himself in the Condemn'd Hold still. [Aside.

Le B. O give me Hope, that I may be transported.

Fil. I wish you were to the *West-Indies*. --- Make no more Speeches with a Pox to you, but draw out the Verses and shew her. [To him Aside.

Le B.

Le B. I hear you. --- What does your Ladyship think I did this Morning?

Fan. I can't tell, my Lord.

Le B. The Spirit of Poetry possess'd me, and I made an *In Promptu* upon your Ladyship: Here 'tis; pray Madam read it. 'Tis something of the longest.

Fan. I must beg your Lordship to read it; for you must know best how to humour your own Poetry.

Le B. I'm sure your Ladyship has a better Talent at humouring.

Fan. Pray my Lord read it. --- Your Lordship takes it at the wrong End.

Le B. Your Ladyship knows the right End of a Thing better than I. Here, Madam.

Fan. Pray let me beg your Lordship to read.

Le B. Here, take it, Madam, for, in short, you must read it. I'm not like your impudent Poets: I ha'n't Assurance enough to read my own Works.

Fan. What an easy flowing Style must a Man of Quality write: There must be Harmony in every Word. [*Reads.*]

A List of Wives married in the Month of March.

First, Mrs. Trim, the Taylor's Widow. Item Mrs. Drab.

This Poem has the most intolerable Beginning of any Poem I ever read in my Life.

Le B. Undone for ever!

Fil. This was my damn'd Mistake: I gave him a List of his Wives, which can make but a scurvy Poem, instead of t'other.

Fan. What soft musical Names are these your Lordship's Muse has chose to Sing? *Mrs. Trim*, and *Mrs. Drab*, make but hideous Rhyme methinks.

Le B. Ha, ha, I can't forbear Laughing at this Mistake! You must know, Madam, I've an impudent Fellow in my Service; he's my Gentleman of Horse,

that is suspected of having several Wives ; so I had him examin'd, and this impudent Paper was found in his Pocket. Do but behold Madam, what a Battalion there is of 'em ; 'tis like the Muster-Roll of a Regiment.

Fan. I thought your Lordship's Muse might have been a little merry.

Enter Caprice.

Cap. Hey! Who have we here? Who the Devil are you, Sir? And from whence do you come? Are you come from *England* too?

Le B. A very familiar merry old Gentleman this.

Cap. Familiar! I've a good mind you shall taste of my Familiarity.

Fan. Pray, dear Sir, let me intreat you not to affront his Lordship.

Cap. Lordship! Puppyship! What Business can a Lord have in my House? You know I don't lend my Money.

Le B. Do you know, old Gentleman, who you speak to? Do you know, I say, what Family, what House I come from?

Cap. From a Bawdy-House, Ten to One else. But mine, Sir, is a House of Reputation; and to keep it so, I desire your Absence.

Le B. Ha, ha, the pleasantest old Gentleman I ever convers'd with.

Cap. Who do you call pleasant, Sir? 'Tis false, I am not pleasant, nor never was pleasant, nor never will be pleasant in all my Life. So call my Servants with their Arms.

Fil. [*taking Cap. aside.*] The first Quality; very great at Court, and two Hundred Thousand Livres a Year Rent.

Cap. But are you sure you don't lye now? What, Two Hundred Thousand Livres a Year! Hark'e, little *Fan.* is this True? *Fan.*

Fan. You've put me into such Confusion, I don't know what to say.

Cap. Two Hundred Thousand Livres a Year. But are you sure you are not mistaken in the Sum?

Fil. I know his honourable Family very well.

Cap. What Two Hundred Thousand Livres a Year! By *St. Dennis*, if I were sure of this, I'd invite him to Supper. --- Pray, Sir, how many Crowns are Two Hundred Thousand Livres?

Le B. Crowns, Sir? About Sixty Thousand Crowns.

Cap. 'Tis a great deal of Money. Pray, Sir, Does your Steward pay you so much every Year?

Le B. Upon my Honour he does.

Cap. Besides what he cheats you of?

Le B. Yes, Sir we always our Stewards that Perquisite.

Cap. Pray, my Lord, will your Lordship do me the Honour to take a small Collation with me?

Le B. Sir, I am Feasted, Regal'd; for the very sight of that fair Lady is enough to give a Man a Dinner.

Fil. Don't stay; you'll discover your self by some Blunder.

[*Aside.*

Le B. Sir, the Business of the State must be minded, that calls me away; but another Time I'll do you that Honour. Hey! Where are my Fellows., *Le Fleur*, *Jaco*, *Parisien*. Madam, I am your Slave. Old Gentleman yours.

[*Exit.*

Cap. Two Hundred Thousand Livres a Year! What, does he come a Courting here with Two Hundred Thousand Livres a Year! Faith, He shall have my whole Family if he will. Come along, and let me consider on't. Two Hundred Thousand Livres a Year!

Fan. This Conquest is attended with some Glory.

[*Exit.*

Fil. So far Matters go well. We got pretty well off this Blunder. Now I must put him upon some silent Piece of Gallantry, for he never speaks but he utters

some Absurdity. Let me see, a Serenade, --- Ay, that will do.---And I'll manage the Tack after. [Exit.]

Enter Valere, Le Grange, Leander, and Jesmin.

Le. Dear *Valere*, do you bring me Joy or Sorrow? Joy, by *Jupiter*, for I see Disappointment in thy Face.

Val. Sir, you're very merry. But 'tis a little odd, first to make a Fool of your Friend, and then ridicule him.

Le. But tell me, am I happy or no?

Val. If all the Perfections of the Sex joyn'd in one Woman can make Man happy, you are.

Le. Then you have made a strong Attack upon the Fortrefs of her Virtue?

Val. At first she would not hear me speak, but stop't my Mouth with Reproaches of my Treachery to you. I even kneel'd and begg'd a Hearing; she flew from me in a Rage; I pursu'd her, and forc'd her to listen to my Love.

Le. Bravely perform'd. How did she behave herself then?

Val. I urg'd my Passion with all the subtlest Arguments Man could think of; nay, I went further; for I told her she was a Blessing which you could not merit. I call'd you Fool, Idiot, Dunce, Blockhead, every thing that Jealousy and Disappointment could inspire.

Le. Thou charming Orator, thou excellent Dissembler, thou hast won my Heart; you've done just as I would have you.--- But how then?

Val. I might as well have spoke to Winds; 'twas all in vain; I came away baffled.

Le. You've made me the happiest Dog alive.

Jesf. Well, Bully, and how goes our Affair?

Le G. At first she would not hear me speak, but stop't my Mouth with, You Rascal, Son of a Whore;--- but at last, I kneel'd for Audience, and all the Favour that she granted was-----

Jesf.

Jes. What?

Le G. A damn'd Slap o' the Face, which I think, in Justice, should belong to you. So as I'm your Friend, and would scorn to wrong you of any thing, here take it. [strikes.]

Jes. You are very honest. But to let you see that I scorn to be out-done in Point of Honour, you shall have a Receipt, and I'll set my Hand to it. [strikes him.]

Val. Now, Sir, that you've done with me, I am your humble Servant; I hope your satisfy'd.

Le. Stay, *Valere*, I'm not satisfy'd yet; I've consider'd better. This Tryal must be push'd a little further. She must be plied with Jealousy, to see how that will work. If she be virtuous, and loves me, no Revenge will tempt her to make Reprizal. In short, you must try to ———

Val. In short, I can proceed no further; for what I fear'd, is come to pass. Like the silly Fly, I've play'd about the Flame, till I am burnt; and when I swear to *Flavia* that I love her, I own I don't dissemble; and, in spite of the Confidence you place in me, I can't help wishing she may use you ill: And if her Heart should soften in my Favour, I can't resist the strong Temptation.

Le. Ha, ha, poor *Valere*; then you are forc'd to own she has Charms at last.

Val. She appear'd all lovely in my Eyes, when first I saw her; and now her Wit and Carriage have finish'd that Conquest which her Eyes began.

Le. Well, my dear Friend, go back; tell her that this Story of my going out of Town was but a Feint, to hide from her a new Intrigue. In a word, you must tell her that I have another Mistress.

Val. I beg you'll excuse me. I think you may be satisfy'd with what has been done already.

Le. I won't be refus'd. You must first work her up to Jealousy, and solicit her with Love. If she resist that Tryal, I have done.

Val. If you are resolv'd, I'll humour you once more:
But look to the Consequence. [Exeunt.

Enter Bellamy and Ranger with Musick.

Bel. What Time o' Night is it?

Ran. But early, Sir: The Evening has but just put on its Mask; 'tis about the Hour of Hot Grey Pease in London, and your Nymphs of *Drury* are just fallying forth to invest the Play-House; which is as much as to say, 'tis Eight o' Clock.

Bel. 'Tis a little too early for serenading. But what I propose is, that the Musick may bring *Julia* or her Maid to the Window.

Ran. I believe the Damsel is best acquainted with my sweet Voice; so that if you please, Sir, I'll give her a Taste of my Talents. I'll repeat a Sonnet of my own; I made it when I was in Love with a fair Maid that drew Drink in an Ale-house in *White Horse yard*. I think it will be no bad Husbandry to make it serve again.

Bel. Prithee let's hear a little of your Poetry.

Ran. Yes, Sir, --- For you must know, when I was last out of Employ, I took a Garret near the Temple, with intent to commence Poet. I expected good Business from the young Lawyers, for Copie of Verses upon their Landresses. Fiddlers flourish; that brings 'em to the Window.

Enter Fantast and Fillette above.

Fan. I heard Musick; without doubt this is his Lordship's Gallantry.

Fil. I order'd him to serenade; but the Puppy comes too soon. [aside.

Ran. Hift, they come; I hear a Noise. Now for it. Hem, hem. — This barbarous Cold won't let me sing, I must only repeat.

What

*What strange Effects have Sally's Eyes,
What Magick is in ev'ry Grace!*

Fan. O enchanting Words!

Ran. -- Her burnish'd Pots seem in Disguise,
And lose their Lustre near her Face.

Fan. What's this!

Ran. -- Let other Ladies try with Art
To make their Faces look Divine;
With Soap and Sand she scours each Part,
And eke with Dish-Clout makes her Visage
Shine.

Fan. O hideous, take me away--I shall swoon, I
can't bear it.

Fil. O this Hang-Dog! These are not the Verses I
gave him. -- Where did he get this greasy Poetry.
Ex. from above.

Bel. What Noise is that?

Ran. More Serenaders, Sir; let us draw up our Fid-
lers against theirs, and fight it out. It signifies nothing
if two or three Dozen of 'em are kill'd, for you know
they are but Vermin. Do you lead the Front, and I
warrant I'll bring up the Rear. For the Honour of
Old England, no Quarter to Cat-Gut Scrapers; Fiddlers
draw.

Bel. No, no, we'll retire, I don't care to be ob-
serv'd. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Caprice above.

Cap. I think I heard the squeaking of Fiddles--Bring
me my Blunderbuss, I'll be among 'em in a Minute.
No, hold; upon Second Thoughts bring me some
dirty Water.

Enter Le Bronze with Musick.

Le B. This is the House. Now if *Fillette* will but
decoy her down, I'll move off with the little Baggage,
fiddle

fiddle her away to the next Priest, thence to the *Bagnio*, and then strip her to some Tune. Come, Flourish.

Cap. Are you there? Have at you, blind Harpers. Now to Arms, I'll sally } *Flings Water.*
out upon the Rogues, and kill 'em all.

Le B. Say you so, then the Devil take the hindermost. [Ex.

Enter Caprice and Servants Arm'd.

Cap. What, are they gone, and escap'd my Vengeance? Well, I may meet with 'em still. This it is to have Women under one's Care. 'Tis easier to defend a Town besieg'd, than guard one Female; for here, tho' you do keep the Enemy at a Distance in the Day, they steal a March upon you in the Night, and draw down upon you all the Artillery of Fiddles, Flutes, and Hautboys.

When thus attack'd, unthinking Woman ventures,

The Port's thrown open, and the Warrior enters.



ACT V.

Enter Bellamy and Ranger.

Ran. Cupid allows but little rest to Lovers, and none at all to their Servants. I wish we could make a good or bad End of this Amour. Pray, Sir, what's to be done next?

Bel. I can't rest before I see *Julia*. And there's no sending you there, because you're known.

Ran. I tell you, Sir, I've a Stratagem in my Head. Suppose you should dress me up like a Great Man; and so I'll go there, and pretend to be a Lord; and then—

Bel. And what then?

Ran. And then—egad I don't know what then; but I had a Mind to be a Lord however.

Bel. The Fellow's turn'd Fool. I intend to try this Youth that made himself acquainted with me at the Coffee-House to Day: He tells me he's *Julia's* Kinsman. I've prepar'd this Letter; if he will but do me that kind Office.

Ran. What, of a Pimp, Sir?

Bel. Yes, What have you to say to that, Sir?

Ran. Nay, not much, Sir; only that it is taking my Business out of my Hands; that's all.

Enter Julia in Men's Cloaths.

Bel. What's the matter, my little Friend? You are as grave as if you were in Love.

Jul. Suppose it were so, I hope it is no Crime.

Bel.

Bel. No, no, but let me know ; and if she be made of Flesh and Blood, I'll tell you how to win her.

Ful. Then I own I am.

Bel. This is my Receipt. If she be a Coquet, flatter her ; if a Prude, rail at her Acquaintance ; if free, you must be impudent ; if modest, more impudent ; but if she proves of an obstinate virtuous Constitution, and none of these will do, I've another Trick for her.

Ful. What's that ?

Bel. Drink a hearty Bottle with two or three witty Fellows, forget her, and next Day find out a new Mistress. --- This is my Method.

Ful. Then I'm sure you never lov'd ; for if you did, that would not do.

Bel. I fear I'm in Love now, and that makes me so unlucky with my Mistress.

Ful. Why should that make you unlucky ? I don't understand.

Bel. Because the Fair are generally won by those that least deserve 'em. A fine Woman, by chance, may marry a Man of Merit, but when she gives up her Virtue, 'tis certainly to a worthless Fellow.

Ful. I hope you had rather be the first than the last of these you've nam'd.

Bel. I think the last the happiest Man.

Ful. But had not you rather have a true Diamond of your own, than only the Use of a false one ?

Bel. Yes, If I were to sell it. But for Use, I think t'other may serve as well.

Ful. But who is the Lady ?

Bel. That very Kinswoman of yours we spoke of this Morning, *Julia*.

Ful. Is she to be your false Diamond ? --- But you are you sure you are downright in Love with her ?

Bel. What, young Gentleman, you're alarm'd at it ; she's your Mistress I suppose. --- But if you set your self up for my Rival, with that smooth Face, I shall certainly cut your Throat young Gentleman.

Ful.

Ful. You need not fear, Sir ; for tho' I love *Julia* as a Cousin, she is not the Person I'm in love with.

Bel. I'm very glad on't. Then you may do me a small Favour : Only to carry her this Letter.

Ful. A very fine Employment you put me upon. Yet were I sure your Designs were honourable, I see no harm in it.

Bel. No harm in the World ; I'll do as much for you. I'll provide you a fine young Mistress, just fit for you.

Ful. But may I venture to assure her that your Intentions are fair ? For I would not for the World have any Wound in my Cousin's Honour : Therefore pray Sir, answer me directly ; is it your Design to marry her ?

Bel. How ! why, are you at cross Purposes. Just now you talk'd of honourable Love, and now you're come to Matrimony.

Ful. Certainly, for I think they're very near o'kin.

Bel. Not at all, Child ; there are no Two Things more Remote. When People marry, 'tis plain there's no Honour in the Case, for they're afraid to trust one another.

Ful. Sir, your humble Servant. If these are your Maxims, I'll bid my Cousin take Care of you.

Bel. Would you be such a wicked young Dog ? Come hither, I'll give you this fine Snuff-Box ; and see, here's a pretty entertaining Picture in it.

Ful. No, Sir, I wo'nt be brib'd. If I complied with you, it should be from good Will ; so you may give over your Design, for it won't be in your Power to debauch her, I can tell you.

Bel. But her own Inclinations, and I together, may, I hope. --- This Youth will never rise to a Great Man, he has not a Genius for making his Fortune. [*Aside.*

Ful. Sir, your Servant ; I should like you very well for a Kinsman, but ---

Bel. Stay a little, Child --- So should I like you ; but I'd have the Kindred come my own Way.

Ful.

Jul. And I'd have it come mine; and to your Servant.

Bel. Hold, come back, I say. Here, take the Letter, and tell her what you please, I'll stand to it: You may depend upon my Word. You've a soft persuading Face, flatter her to comply with a small Request I make there.

Jul. Now you begin to be a little reasonable, I'll see what can be done for you.

Bel. My dear Boy, fly this Minute, for I shall be impatient for an Answer. [Exit.

Enter Valere, Flavia and La Jupe.

Val. Yet this is the happy Man for whom I'm scorn'd.

Flav. You say he never went out of Town, but that all this was a Pretence.

Val. An Artifice to conceal from you a new Amour; another less deserving takes up all his Thoughts; and you're forgot. I think I never was vain; but when I put my Merit in Competition with that Wretch's, I'm strangely blind, or else I don't deserve this Usage. But I forget that he's a Fool, and there his Merit cuts me out. Now I'm convinc'd that Nature has made nothing in vain, for Fools were made to please the Fair.

Fla. I own he has not shewn much Judgment in the Choice of his Friends.

Val. For your Sake do I wish my self an Ideot, and fain would throw away that Clog of common Sense that Nature curst me with.

Flav. I take this, Sir, to be downright Railing.

Val. Excuse me, lovely *Flavia*, my Passion hurried me beyond Respect. I'll retire, and leave you to consider what Allowances are due to him that loves like me.

[Exit.
Fla.

Fla. Methinks 'tis pity that one who has so many agreeable Qualities, should have no more Honour in his Friendship.

La F. I believe he has as much Honour as *Leander* deserves, whom I'm inclin'd to think false. And pray, Madam, don't you think him a little foolish too?

Fla. He's good-natur'd.

La F. And so jealous and suspicious.

Fla. A little inquisitive by Way of Conversation, Some Men could say nothing in Company, if they did not ask Questions.

La F. But such impertinent Questions.

Fla. All Questions are apt to be a little impertinent.

La F. But *Valere* is, in my Opinion, a fine Gentleman. Pray, Madam, what do you think of him?

Fla. I won't think of him at all.

La F. But suppose this Story of *Leander* should be true, would not that make you think of him?

La F. I won't suppose it true; he can't be so base.

Enter Jesmin, and runs back.

La F. But see, Madam, here's *Jesmin*; he shuns us. Here, you, Fellow, Rogue's-Face, are not you *Jesmin*?

Jes. Yes --- no --- ay --- no body --- nothing at all
[Exit.]

La F. What do you think now, Madam? 'Tis plain this Fellow's a Rogue, and I'll be hang'd if his Master ben't another.

Fla. I must confess I don't know what to think now. But I will discover the Truth of this, if possible.

Enter Leander, who turns back.

What, Sir, d'you shun me? Am I grown offensive to your Sight?
Le.

Le. Madam,

Fla. O Sir, I've been told from whence this mighty Change proceeds; it seems your old sick Father is turn'd into a new Mistress. But you look as dismal as if your rich Parent had recover'd and baulk'd your Hopes of an Estate, or your Mistress prov'd unkind.

Le. I don't understand you, Madam.

Fla. Then your Friend *Valere*, your Intimate, your Confident, shall tell you what I mean.

Le. How, *Valere*! The only Man alive I trusted, prov'd a Traytor.

Fla. Very fine, Sir, then I find you can't deny it.

Le. I guess how the Matter is. He loves you himself, and is therefore doubly a Traytor. Well, Madam, since he has told you, all I can say is, that our Passions are not always in our Power. But so tender was my Regard for you, I endeavour'd all I could to keep that Secret.

Fla. Is that your great Regard? Barbarous, senseless and ungrateful; 'tis insulting me: But I'll hear no more.

La. J. O the senseless Puppy. [Exeunt.

Le. O transporting, O thrice happy Mortal I! She's fixt for ever mine. I see her Anguish in her Eyes, her every Look and Gesture speaks her Jealousy. Her little Heart is full of Love and me; but 'tis Time to undeceive her and ease her of her Pain.

[Exit.

Enter Fantast, Le Bronze and Fillette.

Fan. I'm very glad your Lordship's come, for I have been so plagu'd with the Addressee of a well-dress'd hideous ugly Fellow.

Le B. If I had seen him I would have had him hang'd. But what was he?

Fan.

Fan. O the filthy Creature ! I can't tell, but by his Finery and his Ugliness he should be a *Jew*.

Le B. A *Jew* ! I'll circumcise the Dog. --- Impudence, to aspire where I make Love ! The Truth on't is, this sort of Conversation is a little out of my Road ; so I'll only make Love, and say nothing.

Fan. What is the Matter, my Lord ?

Le B. Madam, your Eyes have -----

Fan. What my Lord ?

Le B. Oh !

Fan. Pray, my Lord, talk, or I shall rally you to Death. Your dumb Gallantry is to me the most insipid Stuff in the World.

Le B. Oh !

Fil. I told you, Madam, he was dying for you. And what a fine young Creature will you destroy by your Cruelty ? [*Le B. groans*] He throws his Title and his Fortune at your Feet. There's a Lordship for picking up, and more Money than you can throw away.

Fan. Don't be in Pain about that ; for let him but find Money, and I'll find Ways of throwing it away, I warrant.

Le B. Oh !

Fil. Come, Madam, speak, and make your self and him happy : Give a direct Answer.

Fan. O that's impossible *Fillette*, for I never could give a direct Answer to any Thing in my Life. --- But if it should come into my Head to throw my self away upon his Lordship, I insist upon having two Pages for my self, and positively a *Valet de Chambre* to Dress me.

Le B. Madam, You shall ; and another to undress you. ---

Fan. Oh, your Lordship has found your Tongue.

Le B. You see, Madam, what Hope will do. I was, as you may say, in the Condemn'd Hole, expecting the Hangman to come and put the Rope about my

Neck, when you with one kind Word gave me a Reprieve.

Fil. Now he talks in the very Style of a Thief; but he never will make a good Speech till the Halter is about his Neck, that's certain. [*Aside.*]

Fan. Well! Resolution is slow; I can do nothing before I consult.

Fil. Consult! Sure, Madam, you may make your self a Lady without consulting your Uncle.

Fan. Uncle! No, no, I never intended to consult my Uncle: 'Tis my Maid I am directed by. I can do nothing without her Advice. [*Exit.*]

Fil. Follow her, and don't give her Time to think. We must have her, or we're undone. Where can we have Money else to pay for this Coach and Liveries?

Le B. Right. Therefore for fear of Accidents, I'll see if there be not a portable Piece of Plate, Watch, Ring, or other Moveable in this Cabinet.

Fil. Follow her, I say: She's the best Moveable in the House, and portable I warrant.

Le B. But I'm in Love; and if I should lose her, 'twould break my Heart to have nothing of hers to put me in mind of her. What this? A Box of Pistoles! Have at it faith. [*breaks open the Cabinet.*]

Enter Caprice.

Cap. Who's this so familiar with my Cabinet?

Le B. Ha, my dear Friend, I'm transported to see you! --- Pristhee why won't you let me carry you to Court, and present you to Monsieur the Regent?

Cap. Present me, Sir? --- Odsbud, I don't like you. --- This Man may be a Cheat at last. --- Pray, Friend of Mine, what were you looking for in that Cabinet?

Le B. Looking for! --- What shall I say? --- Why, Sir, you must know I was --- that is to say, I had a Mind to divert my self, and so ----

Cap.

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Cap. That is to say, you had a Mind to divert your self, and so, --- with robbing my Cabinet! A pretty Gentleman-like Diversion truly. I shall find this Fellow to be a Son of a Whore instead of a Lord. --- Pray, Sir, Let me see what's that you put into this Pocket to divert your self with. I should know *Takes the Box* this Box. I'll have the Rogue se- } out of his Poc-
cur'd, } ket.

Ed. I always said he'd be hang'd, and I fear I shall bear him Company now. *[Aside.]*

Cap. What are These? Counters? *[opening the Box.]*

Le B. Ha, ha! Egad you've found me out. You are as cunning as the Devil, that's certain; there's no doing any Thing in your Family unknown to you. You must know, the young Lady and I were going to play a Party at *Picquet* for 50 Pistoles, or some such Trifle, just for Diversion. So because you were to know nothing of the Matter, I was to steal the Counters out of the Cabinet; ha, ha, --- but we're caught i faith.

Cap. kneels.] My Lord, can you forgive me this Affront? I am a suspicious old Fool, and deserve the Bastile, that's certain; but the Times are so sharp it makes a Man wary. But say, my Lord, may I hope for Pardon?

Le B. Come, rise, you shall see my good Nature now. Kiss me, old Prig: You're a merry old Joker, and I forgive you. - - And tell me, have you a Mind to be a rich Man; that is, have you a mind to cheat the Government?

Cap. I don't understand your Lordship.

Le B. That is, have you a Mind for a great Place?

Cap. To be plain with your Lordship, I have no Aversion to the Publick Money: 'Tis true, I do rail at great Men in Places, but 'tis because, when I see them divide the Publick, they won't let me have a Snap with em.

L. B. Say no more; your Business is done. You shall be one of the Directors of the *Finances*, and grow rich in spite of the Court of Justice.

Cap. Your Lordship overcomes me with your great Goodness. How shall I express my Gratitude?

Le B. Don't express it at all; that's my Way. For, Faith, I always make the best Speech, when I say nothing.

Cap. How happy was I to come acquainted with this Great Man! [*aside.*] I understand your Lordship does my Niece the Honour of making Love to her.

Le B. What, the little Rogue has told you so? Ah, the pretty Gypsey, she has told you Truth, for I intend to marry her this very Day.

Cap. Your Lordship does us a prodigious Honour; but her Alliance won't disgrace your Lordship.---Her Fortune is not contemptible, nor is she of a Mushroom Family. We did not rise from a Blue Livery.

Le B. *Alons*: Where are my Slaves? I'll go for a Priest this Minute. Let my Gilt Machine move to the Door.

Cap. Indeed, my Lord, I can't part with you yet; Your Lordship must honour my Table with your Presence; Dinner's just going to be serv'd.

Le B. Upon Condition the Priest be sent for this Minute; for I must marry as soon as ever I dine.

Cap. He shall this Minute.---My Lord, I'll shew the Way. [*Exit.*]

Fil. The Day's our own. Here the Puppy has exerted himself. This is a glorious Project, it makes us all.---In two or three Days shall I be selling all her Jewels, and turning her Brocades and Laces to my own proper Use. I shall look charming in a Brocade Gown. [*Exit.*]

Enter Julia

Fil. What an Extravagance is this Love puts me on! But could I cure him of this Wildness, and charm him into

into Virtue, my Pains were well rewarded: Once more let me peruse my Letter. [reads.

Enter Bellamy.

Bell. Snatching the Letter.] Now will I cut your Throat, you deceitful young Villain. Was ever so much Treachery in so young a thing. Thou little Rascal! But I'll sacrifice you; and all the Mercy you shall have, shall be to die with your Sword in your Hand. --- Draw, Sirrah.

Jul. What shall I do? He must be generous, therefore I will trust him. --- Oh hold your Hand, and spare the Life of *Julia*, who, trusting to your Honour, here ventures to disclose her self, and own the little Fraud by which she meant to try your Virtue.

Bel. How, *Julia*! Ha, What do I see? Do I touch the dear deceitful Cause of all my Pain? Thou tantalizing little Rogue, how could'st thou use me thus?

Jul. Only to try your Patience.

Bel. *To Vittoria!* The Town's my own! The wily Maid is caught by her own Cunning. What need had *Jove* to assume so many Forms to cheat the Fair, when 'tis by their own Arts they're easiest undone?

Jul. What do you mean, Sir; what do you take me for?

Bel. The loveliest Work of Nature, on whom alone the lavish'd Charms sufficient for a Thousand; and gave thee a Heart susceptible of Love. But why do I waste these happy Minutes? O let me clasp thee in my Arms, and make my self the happiest—

Jul. Stand off. --- Ah, I have miss'd my Aim! But what is Life, when stain'd with foul Dishonour? Thus shall this weak Arm defend me from thy brutish Rage, and you shall have my Life before my Honour. [draws.

Bel. This Constancy of Mind surprizes me.

Ful. Is it possible? Can there be such Baseness in your Soul? Nature, sometimes, distinguishes the Villain, and on his Forehead stamps the Marks of Baseness; but when a Form like thine conceals a Monster, by what Distinctions can we know Mankind!

Bel. Here, [*Flinging away his Sword*] do a Piece of Justice to your self and all your Sex. Pierce this treacherous Heart, which Vice so long has held in Chains. You are a Blessing which I don't deserve.

Ful. O happy Sound! His Heart relents. --- Now you have quite disarm'd me: My Honour animated me with Courage above my Sex. It is not *Bellamy*, but his Vices, that I would destroy.

Bel. Forgiving, lovely Maid, how must I thank thee? Thus long have I been led astray by Vice; pursuing mistaken Pleasure. --- But your bright Example breaks in upon me like a Ray of Light, and has awak'd my Soul to Virtue and to thee.

Ful. Say no more, but take me to your self, and let us never part.

Bel. This Minute the Priest shall join our Hands, and henceforth I will be the Guardian of thy Honour.

Ful. Well, I'm glad I've conquer'd you, for you have given me a great deal of wicked Pain. But be sincere, and tell me; Is your Heart charg'd with no Incumbrance? Has no other Mistress a Demand upon it?

Bel. You have cancell'd all.

Ful. What d'you think of this Note? I had it from a Mistress of yours.

Bel. How, the Note I gave the Stranger when I was confin'd! 'Tis yours, I'm sure; it must; for none but *Fulvia* could be capable of so generous an Action.

Ful. Nay, if you fix it upon me, I won't deny it. But here's an end on't. [*Tears it.*] But now let us go to my Father's, who, I suppose, has miss'd me by this Time: For when he knows who you are, I don't doubt but we shall easily obtain his Consent.

Bel. You

Bot. You shall direct me, my little Angel. [*Exeunt*]

Enter Caprice, Flavia and *La Tupe*.

Cap. You tell me *Leander* proves inconstant; why how can I help that? If one Puppy's gone, there are more to be had. If your Stomach be up, and you must have a Man, marry *Valere*, I give my Consent.

Fla. But consider, Sir. —

Cap. Lord bless my Soul, Child, I han't time to consider now, for my Lord waits me, and every Minute's Absence may be the Lord knows what out of my way. I must press him to go to Court immediately, to get me this Place. I shall certainly be a Great Man; for as soon as I have cheated the King of a good round Sum, 'tis ten to one but I shall be made a Lord myself. Do, Child, marry *Valere*, he's a pretty Fellow. --- Director of the *Finances*, that will do. [*Exit*].

Enter Bellamy, Julia, *Valere*; Ranger, *Le Grange*.

Val. I wish you both that Joy I want. Here is the lovely Cause of my Despair. I must talk no more of Love; but give me Leave, Madam, to present this young Gentleman to you.

Jul. What, dost not know me, Child? [*Salutes Fla.*]

Fla. Pardon me, Sir, I think not.

La F. 'Tis Madam *Julia*.

Fla. How, *Julia*! But what has mov'd thy Gravity to appear in this Dress?

Jul. The Story's a little too long now; but there's a Husband in the Case. May I wish you Joy yet?

Fla. Not as a Bride. I have been basely deaft with; That Gentleman has had his Part in using me ill.

Val. I'm sure your Ladyship has had a large Part in using me so.

Fla. Whate'er *Leander* did, was either thro' Curiosity; or an Inconstancy in his Temper, which he can't

correct. But you meanly counterfeited a Passion which you never felt.

Val. If mine was counterfeit, Love never was sincere. 'Tis true, at first he put me upon this Tryal, but after that, I could no longer feign. He, secure in his own Vanity, urg'd me to go on; for he was resolv'd to have your Virtue tried. But here comes the happy Fool, so let him answer for himself.

Enter Leander and Jesmin.

Fla. Now I'll try to dissemble a little; [*aside.*] Sure this Visit is a mighty Favour. How can you spare your self from your new Mistress?

Le. Fair tho' she be, I will not lose the Conversation of my Friends for her. Since I threw off your Chains, Madam, I'm grown another Man.

Fla. It is but lately that I thought our Hearts united; but now, alas, that happy Scene is chang'd; which I think I never should believe, if you had not inform'd me: But still are my kind Wishes for you. May she, for whom I'm thus forsaken, deserve your Love as well as I. Farewel for ever.

Le. I'm in *Elysium*, my Senses are all charm'd; the mighty Joy will rise so high, 'twill make me mad! Come, lovely *Flavia*, to my Arms; away with Jealousies and Fears. *Leander* was ever yours, and only yours: For know, all this was my Contrivance to prove your matchless Virtue, which has made me the happiest Man that e'er was bless'd with Love.

Fla. How, Sir, to prove my Virtue! This looks like an Excuse. How can I be sure you don't dissemble still?

Le. By all that's lovely, by your bright Self I swear I ne'er had any Thought of any but of you. Throw off this Jealousy, this Minute will I make you mine.

Fla.

Fla. Stand off, thou Ideot and eternal Trifler; dost think me so abandoned to marry you; you, who could suspect my Virtue without a Cause?

Le. Hey day, what the Devil's to be done now?

Fla. Go search your Haunts of Pleasure, for a worthy Partner for your Bed, and practise your little Cunning where it will be wanting. Here do I give my Hand and Heart, to him who best deserves it.

Val. Blest be the Tongue that spoke that Word.

Le. Surely she has a Mind to dissemble in her Turn too. That must be it. --- I hope you are not in earnest, Madam.

Fla. I have a Jest in my Design, but 'tis to make a Jest of thee, that thou may'st be pointed at; thy very Name shall pass into a Proverb, to signify a Fool.

Le. The Woman's mad, I think. --- If she be out of her Wits, I hope you won't humour her.

[*Taking Val. aside.*]

Val. I know my Happiness too well to decline it.

Le. Hell and Furies, Sir, I'll never bear it. I will be reveng'd of thee this Minute. Draw Sir.

Val. Pray, Sir, put up your Sword and your Anger. I'll give you the Liberty of a losing Gamester, that is, to say what you will. For my part, I'm a Winner, and therefore am in no Humour to quarrel now.

Le. 'Tis very true, Sir, and I ask your Pardon. 'Tis all my own Doings; yes, this politick ingenious Head of mine contriv'd and brought all this to bear; no Man besides my self has Wit enough to frame a Plot for his own Destruction.

Jes. Sir, if you're going to buy Hemp, pray lay out another Six-Pence for me. --- I'll sneak off too, for I won't stay to be baited by that Bull-Dog.

[*Exeunt Le. and Jes.*]

Le. G. Now for me; faith she's my own. The Fool is sneak'd off like a Dog that had lost his Tail.

Ran. [*Pulling him back.*] Harkee, Puppy, stand off, stand

stand off, I say : I've won her fairly. She set me first, and I was at her before the Main.

La J. Say you so ? then you shall be at me still. And do you throw in as long as you can, I'll engage to set your Hand out.

Val. What, another Wedding ?

Ran. No, I bar Matrimony, no Wedding for us.

Val. Why so ?

Ran. It is not our Way. For from Father to Son, for many Generations, none of our Family ever married.

Val. What, won't you follow your Master's Example ?

Ran. I believe I must in pity keep him in Countenance.

Enter Caprice.

Cap. Director of the *Finances* ! I shall soon whip up an Estate. But who have we here ? What are you come from *England* again, Sir ?

Val. Now 'tis Time to rectify Mistakes. Sir, Know this Gentleman is your Son-in-Law, and that's your Daughter *Julia*.

Cap. What, peruk'd and married to a Thief ! Here, a long Sword and my Pumps, I'll fight him my self.

Val. Sir, I believe you mistake your Man ; for to my Knowledge this is a Gentleman of a good Estate and Family in *England* ; I know his Father well, and can assure you his Circumstances are considerable enough to entitle him to your Daughter.

Cap. Then am I strangely abus'd ; for I received this Letter while I was in my House, from an unknown Hand, which tells me plainly he's a Thief.

Bal. I own that Letter I brought you, which introduced me into your Family, was a Contrivance to come acquainted with your fair Daughter. As to any other

other Circumstance of my Family or Fortune, you will have no Reason to object.

Cap. Sir, *Valere* is a Man of Honour, and since he knows you to be a Gentleman, I'm satisfied. Here, take her, and her Fortune shall be ready as soon as you make a Settlement.

Val. You have another Relation you did not think of, for *Flavia* and I have made a Match.

Cap. With all my Heart, the more the merrier: I am in such a good Humour to Day, and my Head is so full of my Lord and the Finances; I'm the happiest old Dog in *Christendom*, that's certain.

Enter Fantast.

What, have you left my Lord alone? Salute your Cousin *Julia* under that Peruke, while I pay my Respects to his Lordship. [Exit.

Fan. How, Cousin *Julia*! Let's see what Sort of a Puppet it makes. I vow very much *en Cupidon*. My Dear! [Kisses her.

Enter Caprice, Le Bronze, and Fillette.

Cap. My Lord, your Lordship does us a prodigious Honour.

Le B. What the Devil do I see, Undone!--- But I'll try to brazen it out.

Val. What, this Fellow, and the Bawd too! What is the meaning of these Aires?

Le B. Aires! Ay, why should not a Man of Quality give himself Aires?

Val. What, Sir, does this Fellow pass upon you for a Lord? You're impos'd upon; he's no more a Lord than you're a Conjuror. He's in Jail once a Month for Polygamy; and never peep'd thro' a Window in his Life, that had not Iron Bars to it.

Le B.

Le B. Harkee, old Gentleman, who is this damn'd impudent Fellow, this Statue of Brass behind me? I doubt you keep very scurvy Company in your House.

Val. O Sir, if you don't know me, you shall come acquainted with my Foot. Take that. [Kicks him.]

Fil. Draw and pink his Soul, or else he'll ruin us. [Aside.]

Le B. By and by, for I a'nt angry enough yet.

Val. No? Then I'll make you less angry; for the more you're kick'd, the tamer you grow --- and seize *Jezabel* there. I suppose she's the Contriver of this Cheat.

Cap. What, then, am I Cheated, Trick'd, and no Director of the *Finances*! Confess, thou Bawd. Speak, I say.

Ran. Begging your Pardon, Sir, you take the wrong Way, for if you'd have a Woman speak, you must bid her hold her Tongue.

Fil. Spare my Life and I'll confess all. --- I own I contriv'd this Plot, but 'twas that cowardly ignorant Rogue that put me upon it.

Cap. Ha; I'll fight the Dog. Bring me Armour and Head-piece: Fetch me all the Instruments of War from a Pot-Gun, to a Cannon. I'll macerate the Rogue.

Val. He's more us'd to the Discipline of the Cudgel.

Cap. Here, Sirrah, here's part of your Wife's Fortune before-hand, the rest you shall have upon the Wedding-Day. [Beating him.]

Le B. Quarter, Gentlemen, and I confess all. 'Twas that old Witch's Contrivance, 'twas she debauch'd me into a Lord, and writ a Letter to this Gentleman to inform him that the Stranger in his House was a Rogue; so when he was turn'd out by

by this Artifice, she detach'd me with Five Footmen under my Command, to steal a Fortune.

Cap. I'm glad this Discovery was made before he married my Niece.

Le B. I'll move off and mend my Life, forsake that old Jade and this unlucky Trade of marrying, turn honest, and go upon the Highway.

[Exit.

Fil. I'll sneak into some private Corner, take a large Dose of Opium, and dye like a Rat behind the Hangings.

[Exit.

Fan. What a happy Deliverance was this! But I'm so ashamed of my past Folly, that all my future Life I'll study to atone for it.

Val. You, my repenting Fair, have seen the Folly of Coquetry. As for those Wretches let 'em go, and leave them to the Punishment of their own Remorse: 'Tis Hell enough to have a guilty Conscience. While happy we celebrate the Festival of Love and Beauty, and Woman, lovely Woman, shall be all the Theme. How bright does every Excellence appear in such a Form,

*Whose Magic Power does all our Passions move,
And tunes our Souls to Virtue and to Love.*

F I N I S.

by this Advice, the detest'd me with Five Foot-
step under my Command to keep a Footing.

maintain my Niece.
I'll move off and mend my Life for a
The old and the new Time of the Highway
EPILOGUE

FW. I'll seek into some private Corner, take
a large Dole of Gold, and be behind
the Hangings.
Spoken by Mr. SPILLER.

FW. What a happy Deliverance was this! But I'm
to abound of my past Folly, that all my future Life
I'll study to amend.

YOU Reverend Members of the Upper Row,
Whose lofty Judgments govern all below;
Ye, my dearest Brothers, I appeal
To damn our Author, or his Faults conceal.

Supreme you sit, your Judgment is a Test;
None these see Nothing—You can find a Jest.
It's said, the heaviest Bodies downward move,
And Wonders how bright

Those that are Light and Airy, soar Above;
If so, the Seat of Wit must be with You,
And all must own your Judgments are true Blue.

Since therefore in this Place such Sway you bear,
He that is kind to Night shall have my Prayr.
Serve He, some Great Intriguing Lord or Dame,
And first by genteel Pimping rise to Fame;

Then changing that vile Blue for rich Brocade,
Play high at th' Assembly—squeak at the Masquerade;
Keep Company with Lords, a Commoner refuse,
Tho' now you scrape Acquaintance with their Shoes.

Forget your old Companions when you're great:
And may you rise t' an Office in the State,
Then ——— 4 AP 54

Remember to take Bribes; do nought without Reward;
Strike at a Title, and be made a Lord.

EPILOGUE.

Now for a Coat of Arms —

*Paint me for Crest, a Curry-Comb in View ;
With Three Brafs Buttons on a Field of Blue.
Old-Shoes, and Boots, and Brushes must appear ;
With a short Scraping-Knife, drawn like a Spear,
Then with your Chariot-Wheels tear up the Street ;
And look damn'd Saucy upon all you meet.*

*May this propitious Fortune on Him light,
Who makes most Noise upon our Side to Night.
I hope my Friends, I've said enough to win ye :
Therefore Clap on, as if the Devil were in ye.*



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